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By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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LA LETTRE D'AMOUR

By Richard Harding Davis

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WHEN Bardini, who led the Hungarian Band at the Savoy Restaurant, was promoted to play at the Casino at Trouville, his place was taken by the second violin. The second violin was a boy, and when he greeted his brother Tziganes and the habitués of the restaurant with an apologetic and deprecatory bow, he showed that he was fully conscious of the inadequacy of his years. The maitre d'hôtel glided from table to table, busying himself in explanations.

"The boy's name is Edouard; he comes from Budapest," he said. "The season is too late to make it worth the while of the management to engage a new chef d'orchestre. So this boy will play. He plays very good, but he is not like Bardini."

He was not in the least like Bardini. In appearance, Bardini suggested a Roumanian gipsy or a Portuguese sailor; his skin was deeply tanned, his hair was plastered on his low forehead in thick, oily curls, and his body, through much rich living on the scraps that fell from the tables of Girot's and the Casino des Fleurs, was stout and gross. He was the typical leader of an orchestra condemned to entertain a noisy restaurant. His school of music was the school of Maxim's. To his skill with the violin he had added the arts of the head waiter, and he and the cook ran a race for popularity, he pampering to one taste, and the cook, with his sauces, pampering to another. When so commanded, his pride as an artist did not prevent him from breaking off in the middle of Schubert's Serenade to play Daisy Bell, nor was he above breaking it off on his own accord to salute the American patron, as he entered, with the Belle of New York, or any one of the Gaiety Girls, hurrying in late for supper, with the Soldiers in the Park. When he walked slowly through the restaurant, pausing at each table, his eyes, even while they ogled the women to whom he played, followed the brother Tzigane—who was passing the plate—and noted which of the patrons gave silver and which gave gold.

Edouard, the second violin, was all that Bardini was not, consequently he was entirely unsuited to lead an orchestra in a restaurant. Indeed, so little did he understand of what was required of him that on the only occasion when Bardini sent him to pass the plate he was so unsophisticated as not to hide the sixpences and shillings under the napkin, and so leave only the half-crowns and gold pieces exposed. And, instead of smiling mockingly at those who gave the sixpences, and waiting for them to give more, he even looked grateful, and at the same time deeply ashamed. He differed from Bardini also in that he was very thin and tall, with the serious, smooth-shaven face of a priest. Except for his fantastic costume, there was nothing about him to recall the poses of the musician: his hair was neither long nor curly; it lay straight across his forehead and flat on either side, and when he played, his eyes neither sought out the admiring auditor nor invited his applause. On the contrary, they looked steadfastly ahead. It was as though they belonged to some one apart, who was listening intently to the music. But in the waits between the numbers the boy's eyes turned from table to table, observing the people in his audience. He knew nearly all of them by sight: the head waiters who brought him their "commands," and his brother musicians, had often discussed them in his hearing. They represented every city of the world, every part of the social edifice: there were those who came to look at the spectacle, and those who came to be looked at; those who gave a dinner for the sake of the diners, those who dined for the dinner alone. To some, the restaurant was a club; others ventured in counting the cost, taking it seriously, even considering that it conferred upon them some social distinction. There were pretty women in paint and spangles, with conscious, half-grown boys just up from Oxford; company promoters dining and wining possible subscribers or "guinea pigs" into an acquiescent state; Guardsmen giving a dinner of farewell to brother officers departing for the Soudan or the Cape; wide-eyed Americans just off the steamer in high dresses, great ladies in low dresses and lofty tiaras, and ladies of the stage, utterly unconscious of the boon they were conferring on the people about them, who, an hour before, had paid ten shillings to look at them from the stalls.

Edouard, as he sat with his violin on his knee, his fingers fretting the silent strings, observed them all without envy and without interest. Had he been able to choose, it would not have been to such a well-dressed mob as this that he would have given his music. For at times a burst of laughter killed a phrase that was sacred to him, and sometimes the murmur of the voices and the clatter of the waiters would drown him out altogether. But the artist in him forced him to play all things well, and for his own comfort he would assure himself that no doubt somewhere in the room some one was listening, some one who thought more of the strange, elusive melodies of the Hungarian folksongs than of the chef's entrées, and that for this unknown one he must be true to himself and true to his work. Covertly, he would seek out some face to which he could make the violin speak—not openly and impertinently, as did Bardini, but secretly and for sympathy, so that only one could understand. It pleased young Edouard to see such an one raise her head as though she had heard her name spoken, and hold it poised to listen, and turn slowly in her chair, so completely engaged that she forgot the man at her elbow, and the food before her was taken away untouched. It delighted him to think that she knew that the music was speaking to her alone. But he would not have had her think that the musician spoke, too—it was the soul of the music, not his soul, that was reaching out to the pretty stranger. When his soul spoke through the music it would not be, so he assured himself, to such chatterers as gathered on the terrace of the Savoy Restaurant.

Mrs. Warriner and her daughter were on their way home, or to one of their homes; this one was up the Hills of Lenox. They had been in Egypt and up the Nile, and for the last two months had been slowly working their way north through Greece and Italy. They were in London, at the Savoy, waiting for their sailing-day, and on the night of their arrival young Corbin was giving them a dinner. For three months Mrs. Warriner and himself had alternated in giving each other dinners in every part of Southern Europe, and the gloom which hung over this one was not due to the fact that the diners had become wearied of one another's society, but that the opportunities still left to them for this exchange of hospitality were almost at an end. That night, for the hundredth time, young Corbin had decided it would have been much better for him if they had come to an end many weeks previous, for the part he played in the trio was a difficult one. It was that of the lover who will not take "no" for an answer. The lover who will take no, and goes on his way disconsolate, may live to love another day, and every one is content; but the one who will not have no, who will not hear of it, nor consider it, has much to answer for in making life a burden to himself and all around him.

When Corbin joined the Warriners on their trip up the Nile it was considered by all of them, in their ignorance, a happy accident. Other mothers, more worldly than Mrs. Warriner, with daughters less attractive, gave her undeserved credit for having lured into her party one of the young men of Boston who was most to be desired as a son-in-law. But the mind of Mrs. Warriner, so far as Mr. Corbin was concerned, was quite free from any such consideration; so was the mind of the young bachelor; certainly Miss Warriner held no tender thoughts concerning him. The families of the Warriners and the Corbins had been friends ever since the cowpath crossed the Common. Before Corbin entered Harvard Miss Warriner and he had belonged to the same dancing-class. Later she had danced with him at four class-days, and many times between. When he graduated, she had gone abroad with her mother, and he had joined the Somerset Club, and played polo at Pride's Crossing, and talked vaguely of becoming a lawyer, and of reentering Harvard by the door of the Law School, chiefly, it was supposed, that he might have another year of the football team. He was very young in spirit, very big and athletic, very rich, and without a care or serious thought. Miss Warriner was to him, then, no more than a friend; to her he was

—BUT IT WAS EVIDENT TO ALL THAT SHE WAS THE ONE TO WHOM HIS EFFORT WAS DIRECTED

a boy, one of many nice, cultivated Harvard boys, who occasionally called upon her and talked football. On the face of things, she was not the sort of girl he should have loved. But for some saving clause in him, he should have loved and married one of the many other girls who had belonged to the same dancing-class, who would have been known as "Mrs. Tom" Corbin, who would have been sought after as a chaperon, and who would have stood up in her cart when he played polo and shouted at him across the field to "ride him off."

Miss Warriner, on the contrary, was much older than he in everything but years, and was conscious of the fact. She was a serious, self-centred young person, and satisfied with her own thoughts, unless her companion gave her better ones. She concerned herself with the character and ideas of her friends. If a young man lacked ideas, the fact that he possessed wealth and good manners could not save him. If these attributes had been pointed out to her as part of his assets she would have been surprised. She was not impressed with her own good looks and fortune—she took them for granted; so why should they count with her in other people?

Miss Warriner made an error of analysis in regard to Mr. Corbin in judging his brain by his topics of conversation. His conversation was limited to the A B C's of life, with which, up to the time of his meeting her, his brain had been fed. When, however, she began to cram it full with all the other letters of the alphabet, it showed itself just as capable of digesting the economic conditions of Egypt as it had previously succeeded in mastering the chesslike problems of the game of football.

She was a serious, self-centred young person

Young Corbin had not considered the Home Beautiful, nor Municipal Government, nor How the Other Half Lives as topics that were worth his while; but when Miss Warriner showed her interest in them, her doing so made them worth his while, and he fell upon them greedily. He even went much further than she had gone, and was not content merely to theorize and to discuss social questions from the safe distance of the deck of a dahabiyeh on the Nile, but proposed to at once put her theories into practice. To this end he offered her a house in the slums of Boston, rent free, where she could start her College Settlement. He made out lists of the men he thought would like to teach there, and he volunteered to pay the expenses of the experiment until it failed or succeeded. When her interest changed to the Tombs of the Rameses, and the succession of the ancient dynasties, he spent hours studying his Baedeker that he might keep in step with her; and when she abandoned ancient for modern Egypt and became deeply charmed with the intricacies of the dual control and of the Mixed Courts, he interviewed subalterns, Pashas and missionaries in a gallant effort to comprehend the social and political difficulties of the white men who had occupied the land of the Sphinx, who had funded her debt, irrigated her deserts, and "made a mummy fight."

One night, as the dahabiyeh lay moored beneath a group of palms in the moonlight, Miss Warriner gave him praise for offering her the house in the slums for her experiment. He assured her that he was entirely selfish—that he did so because he believed her settlement would be a benefit to the neighborhood, in which he owned some property. When she then accused him of giving sordid reasons for what was his genuine philanthropy he told her flatly that he neither cared for the higher education of the slums nor the increased value of his rents, but for her, and to please her, and that he loved her and would love her always. In answer to this, Miss Warriner told him gently but firmly that she could not love him, but that she liked him and admired him even though she was disappointed to find that his sudden interest in matters more serious than polo had been assumed to please her. She added that she would always be his friend. This she thought ended the matter; it was unfortunate that they should be shipbound on the Nile; but she trusted to his tact and good sense to save them both from embarrassment. She was not prepared, however, to see him come on deck very late the next morning, after, apparently, a long sleep, as keen, as cheerful and as smiling as he had been before the blow had fallen. It piqued her a little, and partly because of that, and partly because she really was relieved to find him in such a humor, she congratulated him on his most evident happiness.

"Why not?" he asked, suddenly growing sober. "I love you. That is enough to make any man happy, isn't it? You needn't love me, but you can't prevent my going on loving you."

"Well, I am very sorry," she sighed in much perplexity.

"You needn't be," he answered reassuringly. "I'm more sorry for you than I am for myself. You are going to have a terrible time until you marry me."

They were at Thebes, and he went off that afternoon to the Temple of Luxor with her mother, and made violent use of the sacred altars, the beauty of Cleopatra, the eternity of the scarabæa, and the indestructibility of the Pyramids to suggest faintly to Mrs. Warriner how much he loved her daughter. He shook his hand at the crouching sphinxes and said:

"Mrs. Warriner, in forty centuries they have never looked down upon a man as proud as I am, and I am told they have seen Napoleon; but I need help; she won't help me, so you must. It's no use arguing against me. When this Nile dries up I shall have ceased loving your daughter!"

"Did you tell Helen what you have told me? Did you talk to her so?" asked Mrs. Warriner.

"No, not last night," said Corbin; "but I will, in time, after she gets more used to the idea."

Unfortunately for the peace of Mr. Corbin and all concerned, Miss Warriner did not become reconciled to the idea. On the contrary, she resented it greatly. She had looked at the possibility of something to be carried out later—much later, perhaps not at all. It did not seem possible that before she had really begun to enjoy life it should be subjected to such a change. She saw that it was obviously the thing that should happen. If the match had been arranged by the entire city of Boston it could not have been more obvious. But she argued with him that marriage was a mutual self-sacrifice, and that until she felt ready to make her share of the sacrifice it was impossible for her to consent.

He combatted her arguments, which he refused to consider as arguments, and demolished them one by one. But the objection which he destroyed before he went to sleep at night was replaced the next day by another, and his cause never advanced. Each day he found the citadel he was besieging girt in by new and intricate defenses. The reason was simple enough: the girl was not in love with him. Her objections, her arguments, her reasons were as absurd as he proved them to be. But they were insurmountable because they were really various disguises of the fact that she did not care for him. They were disguises to herself as well as to him. He was so altogether a good fellow, so earnest, honest and desperate a lover that the primary fact that she did not want his love did not present itself, and she kept casting about in her mind for excuses and reasons to explain her lack of feeling. He wooed her in every obvious way that would present itself to a boy of deep feeling, of quick mind, and an unlimited letter of credit. He created wants in order to gratify them later. He suggested her need of things which he had already ordered, which, before she had been enticed into expressing a wish for them, were then speeding across the Continent toward her. Every hour brought her some fresh and ingenuous sign of his thought and of his devotion. He treated these tributes as a matter of course; if she failed to observe them and to see his handiwork in them he let them fall to the ground unnoticed.

His love itself was his argument-in-chief; it was its own excuse; it needed no allies. "I love you" was his first and last word. It puzzled her to find that she could not care. When she was alone she asked herself what there was in him of which she disapproved, and she could only answer that there was nothing. She asked herself what other men there were who pleased her more, and she could think of none. On the contrary, she found him entirely charming as a friend—but his love distressed her greatly. It was a foreign language; she could not comprehend it. When he allowed it to appear it completely disguised him in her eyes; it annoyed her so much that at times she considered herself a much ill-used young person.

It was in this way that the matter stood between them when their long journey was ended and they reached London. He was miserable, desperate and hopeless; the girl was firm in that she would not marry him, and her mother, who respected both the depth of Corbin's feelings and her daughter's reticence, and who had watched the struggle with a troubled heart, was only thankful that they were to part and that it was at an end. Corbin had no idea where he would go nor what he would do. He recognized that to cross the ocean with them would only subject his love to fresh distress and humiliation, and he had determined to put as much space between him and Miss Warriner as the surface of the globe permitted. The Philippines seemed to offer a picturesque retreat for a broken life. He decided he would go there and enlist and have himself shot. He was uncertain whether he would follow in the steps of his Revolutionary ancestors and join the men who were struggling for their liberty and independence, or his fellow-Americans; but that he would get shot by one side or the other he was determined. And then in days to come she would think, perhaps, of the young man on the other side of the globe, buried in the wet ricefields, with the palms fanning him through his eternal sleep, and she might be sorry then that she had not listened to his troubled heart. The picture gave him some small comfort, and that night when he ordered dinner for them at the Savoy his manner showed the inspired resolve of one who is soon to mount the scaffold unafraid, and with a rose between his lips.

Edouard, the first violin, saw Miss Warriner when she entered and took her place facing him at one of the tables in the centre of the room. He was sitting with his violin on his knees, touching the strings with his finger-tips. When he saw her he choked the neck of the violin with his hand, as though it had been the hand of a friend which he had grasped in a sudden ecstasy of delight. The effect her appearance had made upon him was so remarkable that he glanced quickly over his shoulder to see if he had betrayed himself by some sign or gesture. But the other musicians were concerned with their own gossip, and he felt free to turn again and from under his half-closed eyelids to observe her covertly.

There was nothing to explain why Miss Warriner in particular should have so disturbed him; the English women seated about her were as fair; she showed no great sorrow in her face; her beauty was not of the type which carried observers by assault. And yet not one of the many beautiful women who on one night or another passed before Edouard in the soft light of the red shades had ever stirred him so strangely, had ever depressed him with such a tender melancholy, and filled his soul—the soul of a Hungarian and a musician—with such loneliness and unrest. He knew that, so far as he was concerned, she was as distant as the Venus in the Louvre; she was, for him, a beautiful, unapproachable statue, placed, by some social convention, upon a pedestal.

As he looked at her he felt hotly the degradation of his silly uniform, of the striped sash around his waist, the tawdry braids and the tasseled boots. He felt as he had often felt before, but now more keenly than ever, the prostitution of his art in this temple of the senses, this home of epicures, where people met to feast their eyes and charm their palates. He could not put his feelings into words, and he knew that if by some upheaval of the social world he should be thrown into her presence he would still be bound, he would not be able to speak or write what she inspired in him. But—and at the thought he breathed quickly, and raised his shoulders with a touch of pride—he could tell her in his own way; after his own fashion he could express what he felt better even than those other men could tell what they feel—these men for whose amusement he performed nightly, to whom it was granted to sit at her side, who spoke the language of her class and of her own people. Edouard was not given to analyzing his emotions; like the music of his Tzigane ancestors, they came to him sweeping every chord in his nature, beating rapidly to the time of the Schardash, or with the fitfulness of the gipsy folksongs sinking his spirits into melancholy. So he did not stop to question why this one face so suddenly inspired him; he only knew that he felt grateful, that he was impatient to pay his tribute of admiration, that he was glad he was an artist who could give his feelings voice.

In the long program of selected airs he remembered that there was one which would give him this chance to speak, in the playing of which he could put all his skill and all his soul, an air which carried with it infinite sadness and the touch of a caress. The other numbers on the program had been chosen to please the patrons of a restaurant; this one, *La Lettre d'Amour*, was included in the list for his own satisfaction. He had put it there to please himself; to-night he would play it to please her—to this unknown girl who had so suddenly awakened and inspired him.

As he waited for this chance to come he watched her, noting her every movement, her troubled smile, her air of being apart and above her surroundings. He noticed, too, the set face of the young man at her side and, with the discernment of one whose own interest is captive, saw the half-concealed longing in his eyes. He felt a quick antipathy to this young man. His assured position at the girl's side accentuated how far he himself was removed from her; he resented also the manner of the young man to the waiters, and he wondered hotly if, in the mind of this favored youth, the musician who played for his entertainment was regarded any more highly than the servant who received his orders. To this feeling of resentment was added one of contempt. For, as he read the tableau at the table below him, the young man was the devotee of the young girl at his side, and if one could judge from her averted eyes, from her silent assent to his questions, from the fact that she withdrew from the talk between him and the older woman, his devotion was not welcome.

This reading of the pantomime pleased Edouard greatly. Nothing could have so crowned the feeling which the beauty of the stranger stirred in him as the thought that another loved her as well as himself, and that the other, who started with all things in his favor, met with none from her.

Edouard assured himself that this was so because he had often heard his people boast that men not of their country could not feel as they could feel. If he had ever considered them at all it was as cold and conscious creatures who taught themselves to cover up what they felt, so that when their emotions strove to assert themselves they were found, through long disuse, to be dumb and inarticulate. Edouard rejoiced that to the men of his race it was given to feel and suffer much. He was sure that beneath the calmness of her beauty this woman before him could feel deeply; he read in her eyes the sympathy of a great soul; she made him think of a Madonna in the church of St. Sophia at Budapest. He saw in her a woman who could love greatly. When he considered how impossible it was for the young man at her side ever to experience the great emotions which alone could reach her, his contempt for him rose almost to pity. His violin, with his power to feel, and with his knowledge of technique added, could send his message as far as sound could carry. He could afford to be generous, and when he rose to play *La Lettre d'Amour* it was with the elation of a knight entering the lists, with the ardor of a lover singing beneath his lady's window. *La Lettre d'Amour* is a composition written to a slow measure and filled with chords of exquisite pathos. It comes hesitatingly, like the confession of a lover who loves so deeply that he halts to find words with which to express his feelings. It moves in broken phrases, each note rising in intensity and growing in beauty.

It is not a burst of passionate appeal, but a plea, tender, beseeching, and throbbing with melancholy. As he played, Edouard stepped down from the dais on which the musicians sat and advanced slowly between the tables. It was late, and the majority of those who had been dining had departed to the theatres. Those who remained were lingering over their coffee, and were smoking; their voices were lowered to a polite monotone; the rush of the waiters had ceased, and the previous chatter had sunk to a subdued murmur. Into this, the quivering sigh of Edouard's violin penetrated like a sunbeam feeling its way into a darkened room, and, at the sound, the voices one by one detached themselves from the general chorus, until, lacking support, it ceased altogether. Some were silent that they might hear the better; others, who preferred their own talk, were silent out of regard for those who desired to listen, and a waiter who was so indiscreet as to clatter a tray of glasses was hushed on the instant. The tribute of attention lent to Edouard an added power; his head lifted on his shoulders with pride; his bow cut deeper and firmer and with more delicate shading; the notes rose in thrilling, plaintive sadness and flooded the hot air with melody.

Edouard made his way to within a short distance of the table at which Miss Warriner was seated and halted there as though he had found his audience. He did not look at her, although she sat directly facing him, but it was evident to all that she was the one to whom his effort was directed, and Corbin, who was seated with his back to Edouard, recognized this and turned in his chair.

The body of the young musician was trembling with the feeling which found its outlet through the violin. He was in ecstasy over his power and its accomplishment. The strings of the violin pulsated to the beating of his heart, and he felt that surely by now the emotion which shook him must have reached the girl who had given it life—and for one swift second his eyes sought hers. What he saw was the same beautiful face which had inspired him, but unmoved, cold and unresponsive. As his eyes followed hers she raised her head and looked listlessly around the room, and then turned and glanced up at him with a careless and critical scrutiny. If his music had been the music of an organ in the street, and he the man who raised his hat for coppers, she could not have been less moved. The discovery struck Edouard like a cold blast from an open door. His fingers faltered on the neck of his violin, his bow wavered drunkenly across the strings, and he turned away his eyes to shut out the vision of his failure, seeking relief and sympathy. And in their swift passage they encountered those of Corbin looking up at him, his eyes aglow with wonder, feeling and sorrow. They seemed to hold him to account; they begged, they demanded of him not to break the spell, and in response the hot blood in the veins of the musician surged back, his pride flared up again, his eyes turned on Corbin's like those of a dog to his master's. Under their spell the music soared trembling, paused and soared again, thrilling those who heard it with its grief and tenderness.

Edouard's heart leaped with triumph. "The man knows," he whispered to the violin; "he understands us. He knows."

The people, leaning with their elbows on the tables before them, the waiters listening with tolerant smiles, the musicians following Edouard with anxious pride, saw only a young man with his arm thrown heavily across the back of his chair, who was looking up at Edouard with a steady, searching gaze. But Edouard saw in him both a disciple and a master. He saw that this man was lifted up and carried with him, that he understood the message of the music. The notes of the violin sank lower and lower until they melted into the silence of the room, and the people, freed of the spell the music had put upon them, applauded generously. Edouard placed his violin under his arm, and with his eyes, which had never left Corbin's face, still fastened upon his, bowed low to him, and Corbin raised his head and nodded gravely. It was as though they were the only people in the room. As Edouard retreated his face was shining with triumph, for he knew that the other had understood him, and that the other knew that he knew.

That night until he fell asleep, and all of the day following, the beautiful face of Miss Warriner troubled Edouard, and the thought of her alternately thrilled and depressed him. One moment he mocked at himself for presuming to think that his simple art could reach the depths of such a nature, and the next he stirred himself to hope that he should see her once again, and that he should succeed where he had failed.

The music had moved Corbin so deeply that when he awoke the day following the effect of it still hung upon him. It seemed to him as though all he had been trying to tell Miss Warriner of his love for her, and which he had failed to make her understand in the last three months, had been expressed in the one moment of this song. It was that in it which had so enchanted him. It was as though he had listened to his own deepest and most sacred thoughts, uttered for the first time convincingly, and by a stranger. Why was it, he asked himself, that this unknown youth could translate another's feelings into music, when he himself could not put them into words? He was walking in Piccadilly deep in this thought when a question came to him which caused him to turn rapidly into Green Park, where he could consider it undisturbed.

The doubt which had so suddenly presented itself was in some degree the same one which had stirred Edouard. Was it that he was really unable to express his feelings, or was it that Miss Warriner could not understand them? Was it really something lacking in him, or was it not something lacking in her? He flushed at the disloyalty of the thought and put it from him; but as his memory reached back over the past three months the question returned again and again with fresh force, and would not be denied. He called himself a fatuous, conceited fool. Because he could not make a woman love him other men could do so. That was really the answer; he was not the man. But the answer did not seem final. What, after all, was the thing his love sought—a woman only, or a woman capable of deep and great feeling? Even if he could not inspire such emotions, even if another could, he would still be content and proud to love a woman capable of such deep feelings. But if she were without them? At the thought Corbin stared blankly before him as though he had stumbled against a stone wall. What sign had she ever given him that she could care greatly? Was not any form of emotion always distasteful to her? Was not her mind always occupied with abstract questions? Was she not always engaged in her own self-improvement—with schemes, it is true, for bettering the world; but did her heart ever ache once for the individual?

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

—SHE WAS, FOR HIM, A BEAUTIFUL, UNAPPROACHABLE STATUE

What was it, then, he loved? Something he imagined this girl to be, or was he in love with the fact that his own nature had been so mightily stirred? Was it not the joy of caring greatly which had carried him along? And if this was so, was he now to continue to proffer this devotion to one who could not feel, to a statue, to an idol? Were not the very things which rendered her beautiful the offerings which he himself had hung upon her altar? Did the qualities he really loved in her exist? Was he not on the brink of casting his love before one who could neither feel it for him nor for any other man? He stood up trembling and frightened. Even though the girl had rejected him again and again he felt a hateful sense of disloyalty. He was ashamed to confess it to himself, and he vowed hotly that he must be wrong, that he would not believe. He would still worship her, fight for her, and force her to care for him.

Mrs. Warriner and her daughter were to sail on the morrow, and that night they met Corbin at dinner for the last time. After many days—although self-accused—he felt deeply conscious of his recent lack of faith, and in the few hours still left him he determined to atone for the temporary halt in his allegiance. They had never found him more eager, tactful and considerate than he was that evening. The eyes of Mrs. Warriner softened as she watched him. As one day had succeeded another, her admiration and liking for him had increased, until now she felt as though his cause was hers—as though she was not parting from a friend, but from a son. But the calmness of her daughter was impenetrable; from her manner it was impossible to learn whether the approaching separation was a relief or a regret.

To Edouard the return of the beautiful girl to the restaurant appeared not as an accident, but as a marked favor vouchsafed to him by Fate. He had been given a second chance. He read it as a sign that he should take heart and hope. He felt that fortune was indeed kind. He determined that he would play to her again, and that this time he would not fail.

As the first notes of *La Lettre d'Amour* brought a pause of silence in the restaurant, Corbin, who was talking at the moment, interrupted himself abruptly and turned in his chair.

All through the evening he had been conscious of the near presence of the young musician. He had not forgotten how, on the night before, his own feelings had been interpreted in *La Lettre d'Amour*, and for some time he had been debating in his mind as to whether he would request Edouard to play the air again, or let the evening pass without again submitting himself to so supreme an assault upon his feelings. Now the question had been settled for him, and he found that it had been decided as he secretly desired. It was impossible to believe that Edouard was the same young man who had played the same air on the night previous, for Edouard no longer considered that he was present on sufferance—he invited and challenged the attention of the room; his music commanded it to silence. It dominated all who heard it.

As he again slowly approached the table where Miss Warriner was seated, the eyes of every one were turned upon him; the pathos, the tenderness of his message seemed to speak to each; the fact that he dared to offer such a wealth of deep feeling to such an audience was in itself enough to engage the attention of all. A group of Guardsmen, their faces flushed with Burgundy and puffing heavily on black cigars, stared at him sleepily, and then sat up, erect and alert, watching him with intent, wide-open eyes; and at tables which had been marked by the laughter of those seated about them there fell a sudden silence. Those who fully understood the value of the music withdrew into themselves, submitting thankfully to its spell; others, less susceptible, gathered from the bearing of those about them that something of moment was going forward; but it was recognized by each, from the most severe English matron present down to the youngest "omnibus boy" among the waiters, that it was a love story which was being told to them, and that in this public place the deepest, most sacred and most beautiful of emotions were finding noble utterance.

The music filled Corbin with desperate longing and regret. It was so truly the translation of his own feelings that he was alternately touched with self-pity and inspired to fresh resolve. It seemed to assure him that love such as his could not endure without some return. It emboldened him to make still another and a final appeal. Mrs. Warriner, with all the other people in the room, was watching Edouard, and so, unobserved, and hidden by the flowers upon the table, Corbin leaned toward Miss Warriner and bent his head close to hers. His eyes were burning with feeling; his voice thrilled in unison to the plaint of the violin.

He gave a toss of his head in the direction from whence the music came.

"That is what I have been trying to tell you," he whispered. His voice was hoarse and shaken. "That is how I care, but that man's genius is telling you for me. At last you must understand." In his eagerness his words followed each other brokenly and impetuously. "That is love," he whispered. "That is the real voice of love in all its tenderness and might, and—it is love itself. Don't you understand it now?" he demanded.

Miss Warriner raised her head and frowned. She stared at Edouard with a pained expression of perplexity and doubt.

"He shows no lack of feeling," she said critically, "but his technique is not equal to Ysais'."

"Good God!" Corbin gasped. He sank away from Miss Warriner and stared at her with incredulous eyes.

"His technique," he repeated, "is not equal to Ysais'?" He gave a laugh which might have been a sob, and sat up suddenly with his head erect and his shoulders squared. He had the shaken look of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness. But when he spoke again it was in the accents of every-day politeness.

At an early hour the following morning Mrs. Warriner and her daughter left Waterloo Station on the steamer train for

Southampton, and Corbin attended them up to the moment of the train's departure. He concerned himself for their comfort as conscientiously as he had always done throughout the last three months, when he had been their traveling companion; nothing could have been more friendly, more sympathetic, than his manner. This effort, which Mrs. Warriner was sure cost him much, touched her deeply. But when he shook Miss Warriner's hand and she said "Good-by, and write to us before you go to the Philippines," Corbin for the first time stammered in some embarrassment.

"Good-by," he said; "I—I am not sure that I shall go."

He dined at the Savoy again that night, in company with some Englishmen. They sat at a table in the corner where they could observe the whole extent of the room, and their talk was eager and their laughter constant and hearty. It was only when the boy who led the orchestra began to walk among the tables, playing an air of peculiar sadness, that Corbin's manner lost its vivacity, and he sank into a sudden silence with his eyes fixed on the table before him.

"That's odd," said one of his companions. "I say, Corbin, look at that chap! What's he doing?"

—"and to an empty chair"

Corbin raised his eyes. He saw Edouard standing at the same table at which for the last two nights Miss Warriner had been seated. "What is it?" he asked.

"Why, that violin chap," said the Englishman. "Don't you see? He's been playing to the only vacant table in the room, and to an empty chair."

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPES

By Joe Lincoln

UP IN the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best;
And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes,
They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerreotypes.

Quaint little folding cases fastened with tiny hook,
Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look,
Linings of purple velvet, odd little frames of gold,
Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show;
Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands
Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering, gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array,
Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray.
Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here
Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth,
To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender,
And dream, 'mid their bygone graces, of the wonderful days that were.

The Strong Young Men of the Administration. By A. Maurice Low

USUALLY a National Administration brings into prominence one or two obscure men. Of recent years young men have made their mark in Washington. The present Administration is noteworthy as having more young men in its service than any other Administration heretofore; men occupying the highest positions, nearly all of whom, before they came to Washington three years ago, were nationally unknown. Six of these men—three of them under forty, three of them a trifle over—have been selected because their lives are interesting studies; because they show what can be done by men who are determined to do things; because they are intrusted with great power and even greater responsibilities; because, in the absence of their chiefs, they frequently become that intangible thing, "the Government." Let me introduce them to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: Dr. David Jayne Hill, Assistant Secretary of State; Charles Herbert Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Frank Arthur Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Charles Gates Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency; Perry Sandford Heath, First Assistant Postmaster-General; William Woodville Rockhill, Director of the Bureau of American Republics—a distinguished company.

SECRETARY HILL AS A SLEEPER AND EATER

When David Hill entered the Freshman class of the University of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, nineteen years ago, he was thoroughly prepared in all branches except Greek. In that study he was nearly two years behind his class. The Greek professor was disposed to put him back a year. Young Hill's reply was characteristic of the man: "I realize my deficiency," he said, "but I am here upon serious business, and not for play." He was admitted, and at the close of the Freshman year his grade in Greek was ninety-five out of a possible hundred. This seriousness marked his whole college life.

"He was the most methodical boy I ever knew," said John B. Cooke, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado, who was a college mate. "At the time for study he was in his room ready for work, and he was never too early nor too late. He was never known to miss a recitation or a meal; I never knew this appetite to fail him. He went to bed about ten o'clock and arose about half-past six. Neither study nor frolic could induce him to violate the rules he had established for his self-control. He was the most perfect sleeper and the most delightful eater, without a trace of the epicure, I have ever known. While he rigidly held himself to his rules, he did so without ostentation or display. He was a lover of college sports of all kinds, but his principal exercise was a brief walk of thirty minutes, morning, noon and evening."

OLD CLOTHES AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA

While at college Hill was full of fun, which was always breaking out in unexpected places. One day, walking with a companion, they passed some little children playing upon a lawn. Hill looked over the fence, and in a tone of voice intended to be harsh said: "Children, love one another; confound you, why don't you love one another?" Then the two students passed on and the conversation upon some serious matter was resumed.

He displayed a marked power of concentration and of mastery over himself, whether in the recitation-room, in conversation, or in debate. His determination to succeed showed itself characteristically on one occasion. He was forced to practice a good deal of economy. Coming into an unexpected windfall—sixty dollars, I believe—he debated long and earnestly whether he should cut a dash among his fellow-students by appearing in a garb more gorgeous than that of the lilies of the field, or whether he should invest the money in an encyclopædia which he needed in his studies. Literature finally won the day. Young Hill bought the cyclopædia, and the knowledge he was enabled to display on sundry occasions, thanks to these books, gave him a great reputation with his associates.

At an early stage in his college career he showed a natural literary tendency. His orations were models of classical diction, and one of his associates recalls numerous instances of his logic and emotional tenderness. He was a constant student of the best writers of classical and modern English. He read everything. That in later life he should have written text-books on rhetoric and compiled a series of biographies which have attained the dignity of classics is not surprising.

HOW SECRETARY HILL MET HIS WIFE

At college, Hill never seemed to think of love, consequently it was not surprising that he should fall in love in a romantic manner. At one commencement a member of the graduating class asked Hill to meet his sisters who were coming from Philadelphia. He explained that they would drive up in a carriage to their boarding-house, and, as he would be busy at that time, he asked Hill to do the honors. The carriage drove up, Hill ran out, opened the carriage door and, to use his own language, "there sat two of the prettiest girls that ever were." He was satisfied that they were too beautiful to be the sisters of his friend. He stood there holding the carriage door, looking at the lovely faces before him but not uttering a syllable. In his embarrassment, he pulled out his watch and gazed at it long and anxiously, then he suddenly came to himself, thrust the watch back into his pocket, hastily closed the carriage door and ran into the house, leaving the young ladies to get out of the carriage alone. They remained at the house during commencement week, sitting opposite to him at the dining-table. At the beginning of the next term he said: "Well, I did not go home during vacation. I am engaged to be married to the loveliest girl in the world, one of those girls in the carriage." Immediately upon graduating from college "the loveliest girl in the world" became his wife.

"I can recall," says Mr. Cooke, "but one instance where Hill took any special part in a college prank. We had written a burlesque upon one of the classes, and it became a serious matter to distribute copies, as expulsion would surely follow detection. The most dangerous part of this work was to put the skit in the hands of the young ladies of a seminary located about a third of a mile from the college building. None of us was willing to assume this dangerous duty. So we drew lots, and it fell to Hill. It was a cold, dark, wintry night. The young ladies were to march in procession to attend an entertainment in one of the halls of the town. At the head of this procession of young ladies a colored janitor marched with a lantern and a heavy cane. Hill thoroughly disguised himself for the task and hid in a dark corner till the colored guard had passed, when he hurriedly began to hand out the burlesques to the young ladies, who at once began to scream; David broke away, the janitor in hot pursuit. He afterward described the race as a beautiful one, with the chances in favor of the janitor, until the latter went head first over a convenient board fence, which enabled the culprit to find a haven of safety."

SECRETARY ALLEN'S COMIC PHOTOGRAPHS

"Allen," said a man who was intimate with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy when they were classmates at Amherst, "could flunk with more grace and charm than any other man I have known, and flunk he often did. I doubt, however, whether his teachers thought any the less of him for it."

This sentence perhaps best characterizes the man on whose shoulders rested so much of the work of the Navy during the Spanish war: a magnetism and personal charm which captivates every one with whom he comes in contact. "What I most vividly remember of him," this classmate added, "was his striking personal appearance. In those far-off days he had not only a good physique, but a fine presence; he was genial and fond of a story, but, unconventional as he was, he none the less had a marked dignity, which on occasion stood him in good stead. His capacity for conducting business was easily recognized, and we elected him President of the class, a distinction which was then, and I fancy is now, esteemed a high honor in college. We instinctively felt that he had the quality of leadership, and were glad on many occasions to follow him—a rather remarkable fact, considering that high scholarship has been immemorably attached to leadership in small colleges."

When Allen first went to college he was a fine sketcher, though without much technical training. His talents soon attracted general attention. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and he was one of the first to attach the photographic heads of prominent persons to bodies of his own invention, and create comical environments for them. One of his first pictures, and one which his classmates remember to this day, was of a billiard-room attached to a bar. The venerable President of the college and the professor of Latin were playing billiards, while the professor of Greek lolled in a huge chair, drinking brandy and soda. Allen photographed this picture, and copies of it were handed about with great secrecy for fear the college authorities would get hold of them. The existence of this work of art leaked out, and the faculty finally obtained copies and enjoyed the good-natured caricature quite as much as did the students.

STUDENT DAYS OF SECRETARY ALLEN

Allen's readiness of wit was proverbial, and was always emphasizing itself at unexpected times. In Professor Snell's recitation-room navigation was being studied. Professor Snell, who prided himself on his draughtsmanship, had drawn on the blackboard an outline map of Chesapeake Bay, had triangulated it, and on the lines of triangulation had

drawn a very creditable ship under full sail. Allen was called up to the board.

"Allen," said Professor Snell, "what would be the course of this ship under these circumstances?"

Allen stood up and put his glasses on his nose.

"What ship? I see no ship."

The Professor, a little nettled, took a pointer and laid it rather sharply on the blackboard and said, "That ship."

"Ah, yes," replied Allen; "you call *that* a ship, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the Professor, entirely taken back.

"Well," answered Allen, without moving a muscle, "if that is a ship, I don't know what her course would be."

That ended the recitation for the time being, so far as he was concerned.

Here is another instance of his agility in getting out of a tight place. The class was being examined in conic sections—perhaps! In some mysterious manner, and perhaps it is best that the mystery should not be solved at this late day, Allen had succeeded in covering the blackboard with the symbols of a problem worked out. Called on to explain, he began gravely:

"P′ = large arc; p′ = small arc. Then we have P′ x p′ into cosine A——"

"Stop, Allen," exclaimed Professor Esty; "explain as if I knew nothing about it."

"Certainly, sir," said Allen. "P′ = large arc; p′ = small arc. Then we have P′ multiplied — I suppose you know how to multiply, sir, don't you?" he broke off, turning to his instructor.

"When Allen came back to the class reunion in 1879," said Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the distinguished pastor of Trinity Church, Boston, "we discovered that he was an orator. It was a great surprise, as he had shown no oratorical ability whatever during college life. But a speech he made in 1879 showed unmistakable power as a speaker. And last summer at our thirtieth reunion he spoke in an informal way for half an hour of his experiences as Secretary of the Navy. Sitting near him, I was more interested in watching the unconscious artistic working of his mind than I was in the story he was telling. The literary turn he gave his sentences was very striking."

A FORTUNE IN LUMBER

When Mr. Allen left college he went into business in his native city of Lowell, Massachusetts, as a lumber merchant, from which he has amassed a comfortable fortune. Fond of public affairs, he served in both branches of the State Legislature, and for four years sat in Congress. On more than one occasion in the House he showed that oratorical ability mentioned by Doctor Donald. I remember especially one occasion when the State of Massachusetts presented to the House of Representatives paintings of former Speakers from that State. Mr. Allen was one of the orators selected to make the presentation, and his speech was a model of all that a speech should be on such an occasion. It was couched in excellent English, it was delivered with a grace that made a profound impression on the House, and it marked Mr. Allen as one of the few accomplished speakers in Congress. Like many men who want to do things and who become impatient at the procrastination of Congress, he tired of service in the House, and thought he had ended his public career.

Two years later, in 1891, the Republicans of Massachusetts demanded that he should be their candidate for Governor. It was a gallant fight that he made, his opponent being the late William E. Russell, that remarkable young man who was thrice elected Governor of Massachusetts. Night after night the two men met on the stump, both magnetic speakers, both appealing to the younger element in politics, and both arousing their followers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Allen was defeated, and that defeat he thought ended his political career. But when, in 1898, Theodore Roosevelt resigned his place as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to become Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders, Mr. Allen was appointed by the President to fill the vacancy.

His long business training, his capacity for affairs, and his quickness to grasp the salient point in any problem submitted to him, made him an ideal man for the executive head of a great business institution like the Navy Department. Mr. Allen was a member of Congress when President McKinley sat in the House as a Representative from Ohio. The two men soon became fast friends, and that friendship has never been broken to this day. He is a frequent companion of the President in his walks and drives, and is often consulted by him on matters outside of his own department. When Mr. Allen was in Congress he was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, but of late years he has forsaken the camera and now his particular fad is sailing. He would go a long distance out of his way to see a good yacht race.

And to quote once more from Doctor Donald, who, when asked to tell something about Allen's life in college, said: "I best sum it all up by saying that he was noted among us for his urbanity, courtesy, tact, quick judgment, integrity, and that indefinable power of leadership which is easily recognized and impossible to describe."

To the Chicagoan of affairs two events mark for him the passage of time—one is the great fire, the other the closing

PHOTO BY WESCOTT, LOWELL, MASS.

CHARLES H. ALLEN

PHOTO BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

DAVID J. HILL

PHOTO BY BOYCE, WASHINGTON

F. A. VANDERLIP

PHOTO BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON

CHARLES G. DAWES

of the Stock Exchange. It was in 1896 that the failure of the Diamond Match Company threatened widespread ruin. The evening before the decision was reached to close the Exchange a meeting of the leading bankers and business men of Chicago was held at the residence of P. D. Armour. The gentlemen who represented millions of capital were pledged not to divulge a word of the proceedings, and reporters were rigidly excluded. One exception had been made.

WHEN SECRETARY VANDERLIP LED CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS

The financial editor of the Chicago Tribune, Frank A. Vanderlip, who had just passed his thirtieth birthday, was present by invitation. When the decision was reached and the conference adjourned Mr. Vanderlip was given *carte blanche* to print whatever he thought best and in his own way, and to give the news to the other papers. Going back to his office, he telephoned all the editors in town and offered them the news on the condition that they would print it as it was written, and without the change of a single letter, and permit him to edit the headlines. It was an absolutely unprecedented situation in the newspaper world, in Chicago or elsewhere. But the editors had as much faith in Mr. Vanderlip as had the financiers, and every paper, with a single exception, accepted his terms, and that one did not have the news. The account was, of course, robbed of all sensational features, and a dozen banks were probably saved from ruin. A few weeks later, when one of the national banks failed, a similar course of action was followed.

FROM MACHINE SHOP TO TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The man who had rendered his city such signal service commenced life in a machine shop in Aurora, Illinois, working ten hours a day for seventy-five cents. He was not the kind of man to remain long content with that. He became acquainted with the village postmaster, who was also the village editor, picked up a slight knowledge of typesetting, and, what was to be of more value to him later, the art of writing for a newspaper. He soon outgrew his field and went to Chicago, where he found work on the Tribune. Later he became its financial editor.

It was in this place that he won the esteem and confidence of the financial magnates to such a degree that they were willing to intrust him with their secrets and admit him into their councils. As financial editor of the Tribune he was in receipt of a good salary; he was also part owner of the Economist, a weekly financial paper. When Mr. Gage, whom he had known for years, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, he proposed to become his private secretary, a post which paid $2400. Mr. Gage was astonished. "Why," he said, "you can't afford to take this place; it won't begin to pay what you are now earning." But Mr. Vanderlip replied that he would like to have the place for a few years for the experience. He was already fully conversant with finance as a writer; now he wanted to see it in practice. The matter ended in his appointment, and Secretary Gage paid him $1000 a year out of his own pocket.

A WISE INVESTMENT

It was a good investment for the Secretary, for Mr. Vanderlip at once took off his hands an immense amount of routine business, very distasteful to Mr. Gage, whose talents are for great affairs, and who has no taste for details.

In the course of a few months one of the assistant secretaries resigned, and Mr. Vanderlip was appointed as his successor. Since then he has been practically in charge of the finances of the Government, and Secretary Gage has formulated no financial policy without first discussing it with his assistant. The war bond issue and the financial legislation necessitated by the war was placed in Mr. Vanderlip's hands. How successfully he did his work the country knows. A New York financial institution recently offered him an executive position at a large salary. Asked, in connection with this, whether he would care to remain in office four years more, he replied: "No. Four years are good and helpful; eight would be destructive. If I should stay them out I'd be a fossil before I knew it, and would probably find myself applying for any Government job I could get—perhaps running an elevator—and quite probably not fit even for that." So the chances are that he will go to New York when the Administration closes.

The "baby" of this interesting official family is Charles G. Dawes—only thirty-four years old—who holds in his grasp the destinies of nearly 4000 national banks, with deposits of over $3,000,000,000, whose power in the financial world is so great that even a Rockefeller, or a combination of Rockefellers and Vanderbilts and the other great financial magnates, might well tremble if he should exercise it.

A FORTUNATE CHOICE OF A BIRTHPLACE

Next to selecting one's grandfather carefully there is nothing quite so sensible as carefully selecting the State of one's birth. Mr. Dawes had the good sense to be born in Ohio. Naturally he has prospered. When he was young he studied both law and civil engineering, and after serving as an engineer on a road whose name no longer exists he drifted to Lincoln, Nebraska, and boldly put out his shingle. Here he came in contact with William J. Bryan, and, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, tried to show him the error of his ways. His association with the future Democratic candidate was interesting but not satisfying, and the Lincolnites were so

perverse that they refused to bring their lawsuits to Dawes' office. The bottom of his purse was distinctly visible. When the future Comptroller of the Currency found that law was likely to prove a long and tedious struggle, he looked around for something else. He became bookkeeper for a local gas company at a ridiculously small salary. But some men start in life with a shoestring and end by owning a tannery. It was not long before Dawes had a small share in the company. It was not much longer before he owned the plant and, instead of working as a bookkeeper, had a bookkeeper working for him.

PHOTO BY PRINCE, WASHINGTON

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEATH

HALF A MILLION IN TEN YEARS

A few years later and the man who had been waiting for the clients who hadn't the good sense to come was Director of a national bank and Vice-President of a packing company; he had also acquired interests in gas companies in Akron, Ohio, and La Crosse, Wisconsin. Then his fame spread. A gas company in one of the suburbs of Chicago wanted him as President, and they were able to offer him inducements to leave Lincoln. In ten years, by honest and hard work, he had made a fortune estimated at half a million dollars. He has added to it since.

No man can do what Mr. Dawes has done, and in the way he did it, who does not possess certain indispensable qualities. To the gift of being able to make friends and to hold them with a grip of steel, there must be added the power to see events just a little before they happen; to work silently, obscurely even, to attain the end. Mr. Dawes possesses these qualities. An illustration of his methods may be found in the McKinley campaign. Long before the St. Louis Convention it had been supposed that Illinois was solid for Senator Cullom, and so clearly did the McKinley managers realize this that rather than excite antagonism they decided to remain out of Illinois. Mr. Dawes was then absolutely unknown in politics. He dissented from the judgment of the McKinley managers, and without help set out to capture the Illinois delegation.

When the State Convention met it was found that instead of being unanimous for Cullom nearly half the delegates were in favor of McKinley. The delegation finally went to St. Louis uninstructed. The ordinary politician, after having made such a brilliant *coup*, would have exploited it and himself at length in the newspapers. It was fully a month after the convention before the general political world learned of Dawes, and then it was only because Mr. McKinley himself told a party of correspondents how Dawes had organized and practically carried Illinois for him.

AN INDEPENDENT BANKER AT FIFTEEN

Perry Heath is the commander-in-chief of an army of 40,000 strong, whose annual support costs $40,000,000. Rather staggering figures, these.

Mr. Heath has made a fortune from nothing. He started life as a printer's devil on the Muncie, Indiana, Times, and from that worked up to his present position. When he was thirteen he earned $1.50 a week and saved; when he was sixteen he got $3 a week and saved. When in later years he came to Washington and received the largest salary then paid, he still saved. In twelve years as a Washington correspondent he earned $75,000 and saved $50,000. Before he was fifteen he had saved $35 and lent it at interest. He says he never borrowed a cent or received a job through any one's influence but once in his life.

PHOTO BY RICE, WASHINGTON

W. W. ROCKHILL

In the early days Heath was a typesetter, and with his characteristic thoroughness he made himself one of the best in the country. In repeated contests with professionals he won the prize for speed and accuracy—in fact, old-timers say that when in his prime he could give points to the Mergenthaler. He still keeps himself in practice, and can do better work now than three-fourths of the compositors.

A NOVEL INSPIRATION TO SERENITY

Mr. Heath has been successful every time but once. When he had been in Washington two years he went out to Dakota and invested his savings in a newspaper. But things went wrong and he lost all. Refusing to be beaten, he took up Government land, and pretty soon had back all that he had lost. Then he returned to Washington.

When Mr. Heath was a Washington correspondent it was said of him that he was never known to be rattled. No matter how fast news piled up, or how many things had to be watched, he was always serene, and apparently never making much exertion. A memorable illustration of his self-possession is related by a friend. Mr. Heath was one of the first newspaper men from the outside to reach Charleston at the time of the earthquake. On one of the nights of inconceivable terror, when buildings were falling around him and terrified people were running into the streets in their night clothes, Heath sat in the middle of the street dictating to a telegraph operator—who had moved his instrument to that place of comparative safety—the only full and connected account of the catastrophe which almost brought about Charleston's undoing. People will show you to-day the empty seats of the pillars the earthquake toppled from the old colonial fronts, but to Mr. Heath the terror and confusion was an inspiration to serenity.

BEFORE MR. HEATH BECAME POSTMASTER

Heath left Washington to take charge of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, in which he had a proprietary interest. The paper was almost moribund. For many years a warm friendship had existed between Major McKinley and Perry Heath. When Mr. McKinley's name was mentioned in connection with the Presidency, Mr. Heath not only threw all his editorial weight in the scale, but he also took an active part in the ante-nomination politics. And an extremely shrewd, adroit and "smooth" politician is Mr. Heath. He never loses his temper, he never tires, he never seems to care; he is always on as good terms with his opponents as he is with his allies, and in the end his opponents become his allies. He had much to do with the nomination of Mr. McKinley.

After the nomination Mr. Heath sold the Tribune, which by that time he had made a paying property, to take charge of the Republican press bureau. The work he did exhibited his executive capacity. Millions upon millions of documents were sent out by him and his assistants during the campaign. These documents were written in every known language. The work of distribution was such that if it had been part of the system of a commercial establishment it would have taken years to complete. In a few weeks Mr. Heath had organized the literary bureau, and had it in full running order, and the documents were going to every State of the Union, and through the local agents, finding their way into the hands of the individual voters. Never before had such a work been done by a National Committee, and it must stand as a monument to the executive capacity of Postmaster Heath. When the campaign was over and Mr. McKinley was elected, Mr. Heath was asked whether he would like a Government office. Being a printer, he naturally wanted to go into the Agricultural Department, but the President, realizing the Post-Office Department needed the services of a man having his peculiar gifts for executive work, personally requested him to become First Assistant Postmaster-General.

A FROST JOURNEY THROUGH THIBET

William Woodville Rockhill has seen more things and done more things than falls to the lot of the average man. Most men with his opportunities would have written a dozen startling books filled with adventure, but either because he is unduly modest or abnormally truthful he says he never had an adventure, and would not know an adventure if he should see one. And yet the man who talks in this matter-of-fact way, as if he had spent all his life in a village, is Philadelphia born, was educated in France, and a graduate from the École Militaire, a sub-Lieutenant in the Foreign Legation in Algeria, where he saw active service, and all this before he was twenty-four years old.

That would seem to be a pretty good foundation for something a little out of the ordinary, and on that foundation Mr. Rockhill has reared a very extraordinary structure of the unusual. He has a natural faculty for languages. While still a boy in Paris he studied Sanscrit, Chinese, and other Oriental tongues, and when Li Hung Chang visited the United States a few years ago Mr. Rockhill was the only native-born American able to converse fluently with the Viceroy in the vernacular. It was because of his knowledge of Chinese that President Arthur appointed him, on his return from Algeria, Second Secretary of Legation at Peking. Then he went traveling through unknown Mongolia and through Thibet the terrible. He was Chargé d'Affaires in Korea when that country was a hermit kingdom. And yet, adventures and he remained strangers.

"Some men," said Mr. Rockhill, "can have adventures in going from New York to Brooklyn, but I am not one of them. I have never had an adventure in my life. You are always hearing of men who have found trouble in China, but I have traveled 4000 miles through its interior and never had a cross word addressed to me. There was never an anti-European or anti-American riot while I was there. Adventures come to those who look for them. If a man minds his own business he doesn't have them."

While it is probable that a difference of opinion as to what constitutes an adventure largely explains Mr. Rockhill's apparent immunity, it is certain that peace has always seemed to accompany him. Whether this was purely accidental or the result of his excellent management of the tasks committed to him is a matter of some doubt.

He was in China just after one set of riots came to an end and just before another series began. He reached Greece—he was then our Minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia—in the closing days of the war with Turkey. He has received many foreign medals for his explorations.

The President Listened

A STORY about Congressman William Sulzer, of New York, concerns the passage of the bill in the Fifty-fourth Congress creating the Industrial Labor Commission. The author of this measure was T. W. Phillips, of Pennsylvania. It passed the Senate in the closing hours of the last session and was sent to President Cleveland for signature.

Mr. Cleveland was at the Capitol, as is customary at such times, and was ready to sign such bills as met his approval. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sulzer and other gentlemen waited on him to explain any points on which he might be doubtful. When they reached the President's room they found the door locked and a grim custodian who declared that the President did not wish to be disturbed. Time was flying, the last moments of the Congress were slipping out of existence, and there was no telling what Mr. Cleveland was doing behind that locked door. Mr. Sulzer came to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "we will get into that room if we have to break in the door." After a while it opened. Mr. Cleveland was eating a somewhat bounteous luncheon.

Mr. Sulzer struck an attitude. "Mr. President," he said, "we wish to call your attention to a bill in which every labor organization is vitally interested." He then went on, giving the title of the bill and expatiating on its merits. After a time Mr. Phillips nudged him and whispered that time was getting short, but Mr. Sulzer was making a fine speech and could not cut it short. At last he concluded with a most eloquent peroration, whereupon Mr. Cleveland, with conviction written upon every line of his countenance, picked up a pen and started to sign the bill. Suddenly he paused, looked at his watch and laid down the pen. "Gentlemen," he said, "I was familiar with the merits of this bill and fully intended to sign it. But I forgot myself in listening to the eloquent words of the gentleman from New York. It is now unfortunately after twelve, the Fifty-fourth Congress has expired, and I am no longer President of the United States. I have therefore no power to sign the bill."

But the next Congress passed the bill and the President signed it without further forensic interruptions.

A Naval Wonder-Worker

LIEUTENANT F. J. HAESELER, U. S. N., now attached to the Washington Navy Yard, has invented a breech-block mechanism which is considered by some of the officers of the Navy to be the best gun attachment of its kind ever created. It has two improvements to recommend it. One is a spiral conical plug which saves considerable time and labor, and the other is a safety lock which prevents a premature discharge. Lieutenant Haeseler made the invention soon after the gun explosion on a Russian warship which resulted in great loss of life, and after he himself had had a narrow escape from a similar accident on the Amphitrite. When the invention was tried at the proving grounds many of the spectators were astonished at the inventor's skill in marksmanship. This was not news to the men of the Navy, however, for the Lieutenant had made a record in the Spanish-American War when he was stationed on the Texas. On the night of July 4, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to sink the Reina Mercedes in Santiago harbor, he was at his post, and he fired from his twelve-inch gun three shots at more than four thousand yards' range. Two of these shots, his fellow-officers say, went through the ship and helped to sink her.

Lieutenant Haeseler was graduated from Annapolis in the class of '80, and won his first fame by instituting the changes in the Texas after the Grant celebration which made the battle-ship the model sea-fighter she now is. No one appreciated his work more than the jackies of the Texas. When they came back from the scene of action, and just before Lieutenant Haeseler was appointed to his new post, they presented him with a watch.

On the front was engraved a figure of the Texas stripped for action. On the back was his monogram, and inside the back was inscribed:

"To Lieutenant F. J. Haeseler, U. S. N., from the crew of the battle-ship Texas, in recognition of his services in changing the old hoodoo to the new hero."

They were too eager for that, too preoccupied, and even worried

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

A Bull Market

By Robert Herrick

THE unspoken ambition of her life since she was married had been distinctly this—her own carriage. She could remember the time when her father had presented her mother with a brougham; it was connected in her mind with the dawn of the affluent days of the family. That affluence had steadily increased, until when she married Barton McDonald the step had seemed an exhilarating adventure into comparative poverty. Of course the privations of their married life were sure to end soon—before middle age—and she had determined privately that their triumph should be marked in some such way as this—an establishment with a carriage and a smart footman.

The "establishment" had come after five years of marriage. Her father had given them the lot, a corner one, on Ritson Place, which seemed appropriate to their probable domestic expansion. What with their savings, a lucky investment, and a moderate mortgage, they had been able to build up a good deal of an establishment, rather more than they had planned and their previous way of living might warrant. Then had come the depressing times of the panic which had followed the great Fair. These hard times had especially affected McDonald's business—he was in railroad supplies; all the railroads were living lean since 1893. Still, it was comparatively easy to economize, when all one's neighbors, even the very wealthy ones, were complaining morosely of failing investments and cutting down their expenditures. There was no sense of shame or personal failure in explaining that you had to do without a fourth servant, and could entertain at dinner but once a week.

She had the greatest confidence in Barton. Every one spoke of his enterprise and wonderful success. He was but thirty, though he looked to be quite forty, judging from his mature face. Older, solid business men made much of him. As soon as trade revived she was sure that Barton would grasp the new business opportunities among the first, that plenty would begin to flow, and her ambition be realized. And so it was. McDonald's business awoke among the earliest; every week saw new advances. The railroads were hungry, thirsty, bare—and new business flowed in. All this she followed in general with the reasonable understanding that an intelligent American wife can give to her husband's business. But she realized it chiefly through the advent of the inside man; then through the revival of their talk about a summer place in the East, somewhere near New Bedford.

Not only did the railroad supply business look up, but certain investments, small affairs to be sure, began to advance. She heard much talk of the boom in the stock market. Somehow the stock market filled her with uneasiness, with a terror that she was forced to laugh at. She knew that this aversion was largely due to Uncle Arthur's deplorable fate. Her father's younger brother had come to smash on the New York Exchange. He had been fabulously wealthy long before the period of her father's affluence. Then there had been references about him in the papers as a plunger. When his fatal day had come a good deal of hard talk had been current about Uncle Arthur's speculation. Her mother had called it gambling, whereat her father had winced a little, guiltily, as if he had been concerned in the same kind of transaction. The affair made bad feeling, she knew. Her father had lost a neat sum through the daring of his younger brother, and Uncle Arthur never managed to retrieve his fortunes. He was now somewhere in the West, working over a mine that would not produce silver, or any other precious metal. The bad blood, the anxiety, the scandal of the stock market fiasco had told so on her mother that she, just old enough to note such matters, had received a vivid prejudice against everything connected with stocks.

Barton and she had discussed this prejudice at frequent intervals. She knew that he had been in stocks, a little, ever since their marriage. In fact, their house was built largely out of an advance in Mesabic Iron. But her husband had carefully explained to her the distinction between investment and speculation until she had half come to accept his theory of the legitimacy of the one and the folly of the other. To be sure, to her crude woman's perception the dividing line between the two was almost invisible—so tenuous, in fact, that she was not sure in what it consisted. She had settled down to the working hypothesis that if you didn't go in on margins, and bought to hold, that you were on the safe side—were an investor. Of late, since the revival of business, even this division between the legitimate and the illegitimate seemed to be disappearing; for so many good things came up on the market, which Barton knew about from the inside, that their little investments were made and remade with ever-increasing rapidity. Scarcely a week went by that McDonald did not casually make some such announcement as the following: "We made a good thing in C., B. & Q. last month. I guess it's reached the top notch. I think I'll try Steel and Wire."

She did not like the phrase, "I'll try." It suggested the gaming table. Another change she disapproved of was that McDonald no longer shunned common stocks or "industrials," as he had once done. She remembered her father's advice when the matter of investments had come up: "Stick to preferred stocks and dividend-bearing securities. The chances in all others are too great." But Barton had excused the common stocks and the industrial concerns by saying that of course no one would take them for a permanent thing, but that everything was on the boom just now, and would be for a year or two. Even a fool couldn't go wrong in this market. So the time-limit criterion had gone; the investment criterion, also. For in spite of Barton's silence on the point, she knew very well that he wasn't buying stocks like National Steel or Radiator common for dividends. He didn't hold them long enough, and, in fact, most of them were not in the dividend-paying class. They were merely promising risks.

Two facts reassured her in her doubting moments. First, there was her great belief in Barton's judgment and success. She had such a faith in him! and everything he turned to seemed to come out ahead. Then she knew that almost all their friends were doing the same thing more or less openly, were "in the market" to a greater or less extent. A dinner party in their little set was likely to bring out a good deal of stock-brokers' talk. Even when other gossip took the place of references to the market, she knew that, as the women left, the men were apt to pull up their chairs about Barton and plunge into a discussion of specialties. She did not exactly like it. Yet, after all, it was not her business; she would not like to have Barton criticise how she managed the house, especially when everything was going well. Perhaps they were destined by means of Barton's shrewdness to be prosperous, wealthy, immensely rich.

Yet the carriage had come so rapidly that it bewildered her. The tenth of September, their wedding-day, she had found an envelope at her plate instead of the usual trinket. It contained a check for two thousand dollars. "We'll select the brougham this afternoon if you'll meet me at Walker's at four," McDonald said in answer to her startled look. She had been so bewildered that she had not kissed him so rapturously as usual.

They selected the brougham, a distinctly smart little affair, and then had had their usual anniversary dinner at the Auditorium and gone to the theatre. Two weeks later, on her birthday, two magnificent iron-gray horses had been driven up to the house for inspection. Meantime they had rented a neighboring stable. Her establishment was completed by engaging a coachman and a nimble young fellow who would look well on the box or at the door.

She had the carriage out for the first time one lovely October morning. As it stood in front of the house she eyed it shyly from the drawing-room window. Somehow it seemed very unreal—the furniture of a dream, that would whisk around the corner some day, never to return. When the footman asked her for her orders, she was in a flutter, and almost at random gave the address of Isabelle Pond, at Buena Park. The Ponds lived so far out of town that it would give her a good drive. And Isabelle would be interested in the new possession.

The Ponds were the only young people in their set who were distinctly poor and who were not "in the market." It had irritated her a little to feel that Belle's sharp tongue made merry with the "operators," as she dubbed Barton McDonald and their friends. Willie Pond had been pretty wild before Belle married him and kept him in leash; that explained it. They had struggled for years to build their ridiculous little villa at Buena Park. Even now the third floor was unfinished, and Belle had no nurse. On the whole, the McDonalds rather patronized the Ponds, but Mrs. McDonald really admired Belle's pluck and character.

It occurred to her when she had driven half the way that it might not be quite nice to flaunt her carriage in Isabelle's face the first day. Yet she did not know what excuse to make, how to avoid appearing ridiculous before her new servants. She did not feel at home in the carriage—not quite the owner of it yet—and so she was driven on to Buena Park.

Mrs. Pond took the matter charmingly, consented at once to drive back to luncheon; admired, discussed and applauded. Finally she relaxed comfortably into the cushioned back and sighed: "May, you are so lucky; you get just what you want in time. And you don't have to fight for it so hard! The man who said that blessings you strive for are the sweetest was a fool."

Mrs. McDonald patted her friend's hand consolingly.

"Belle! This was such a surprise—I can hardly believe it is mine! And it doesn't make you any happier to have your own carriage. Sheridan's was nearly as comfortable, and all we had to do was to telephone for it."

"Of course!" Mrs. Pond smiled a little cynically. "But to know that you *can* have it; that's the thing. It means that your income is over—well, a certain comfortable sum, not three thousand a year."

"I don't know what Barton's income is," Mrs. McDonald replied, slightly annoyed. "He has been very successful lately."

"Stocks have been going up," Mrs. Pond observed with an uncomfortable quickness.

"Have they?" Mrs. McDonald replied a little snubbingly. "I don't follow Barton's investments closely." She dwelt on the broad, respectable term "investments" with due emphasis. Then to make the point clearer she continued: "One has to invest one's earnings somewhere, and Barton says real estate is so uncertain, and the return on bonds and mortgages nothing—positively nothing!"

Mrs. Pond smiled and shifted the subject to other topics. After luncheon Mrs. McDonald sent her friend home in the brougham alone. Isabelle Pond had woven an unpleasant association about the new toy.

As the days went by the carriage became a commonplace, yet Mrs. McDonald never entered it without a curious feeling

SHE HAD THE CARRIAGE OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME ONE LOVELY OCTOBER MORNING

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

of unreality. In some way it did not seem to be hers or any one's. It was perfect, but inexplicable. She had never had this feeling about any other possession. This one had come so unexpectedly that she had not acquired any rights in it beforehand from sacrifices or steady progression toward an object of desire. It was merely thrust into her hands. Who could say that it would not pop out in the same manner?

She still depended quite as much on Sheridan's livery as on her own carriage, for what with sick horses, or excessive distances, or taking the coachman out too often in the day, she was forced to rely on the public stable quite half the time. Thus, perhaps, the feeling of unreality was encouraged by the sense of fragility in the toy.

At last she ventured to mention this matter to her husband. They were driving home from a theatre party, and he was smoking, holding his cigar near the partly lowered window.

"Do you feel as if you owned the carriage?" she began abruptly.

"But I don't," McDonald answered with a laugh. "It's yours, and the horses, too. I merely own the bills for it."

"I mean—does it seem quite real to you, like the house and the children?"

"I never thought of comparing them," he answered banteringly. "Why not?"

"It was dropped into our hands—a kind of fairy trick. It always seems to me as though it might disappear some day."

"So were the children, for that matter, weren't they?"

His smile was reassuring if his logic was frivolous. His smile—so broad, so calm, so perfectly assured—always calmed her. It was representative to her of his character. While he smiled indulgently like that, he seemed firm, judicious, quite completely a man.

"Yes, dearie," her husband continued, stroking her hand, "don't bother yourself about it—the money. There is plenty of *that* to be had——" he waved his cigar complacently toward the heavy warehouses that flanked the street. "This carriage is but a trifle. Stocks—business—are on a boom——"

"I wish you were out of stocks," she interrupted irritably, withdrawing her hand from his.

The man's mouth drew in stiffly, giving him an unpleasant, almost arrogant expression.

"We have talked that matter out pretty thoroughly. I think it is for me to decide."

She acquiesced, and his face softened into its usual complacency. Presently he suggested insinuatingly:

"I've been thinking of late that it would be nice to have a year or two abroad before we get the summer place in shape."

Her face lit up eagerly. This was a hope scarcely admitted to herself. "But how could you leave your business?"

He smiled delphically.

"There's Charlie"—Charlie was his younger brother, who had graduated from Yale two years before—"he's taking hold of the business well. If we got together a little capital, say fifty thousand, we might go off and leave him to manage the office. Just think! One, perhaps two years, over there?"

She snuggled closer to him, her heart leaping joyously at the vision.

"How can we ever get all that together!" she exclaimed doubtfully. She remembered the mortgage on the Ritson Place house.

"We'll see," McDonald replied in a tone that said, "Leave that to me."

She made no more remarks until they reached home, when she said irrelevantly:

"Poor Isabelle! It doesn't seem just that all the good things should come to us. That is what I mean, Barton, by saying that everything is unreal. Things come to us almost by wishing for them. They have to struggle for them so hard—it seems unfair."

"Life is a gamble," her husband answered sententiously. "Besides, Pond always was a fool."

These two remarks gave her much food for thought in the weeks to come. They were never quite obliterated from her mind. Sometimes she thought them profoundly wise. Then they seemed paradoxical, for if life were all a gamble Pond could not be blamed for being a fool. Again the paradox made her uneasy—it seemed to indicate a softening of her husband's morality. But, however she pondered the sayings, she came back finally to the bed-rock of her marriage covenant—her husband was the wise and the good man.

"THAT IS GAMBLING"

Chapter II

THE unreality of it all did not diminish as the days wore on, but she thought less about it. She became accustomed to living in a busy, affluent kind of dream. Barton and she went out a good deal. The city was very gay this winter, and she found herself to be of a certain importance socially. Every one wore a prosperous air, not the least the McDonalds. The activity, business and social, gave her almost no chance to talk things over with Barton. And she felt that her feminine feelings about their life would merely irritate the determined husband.

One day she was obliged to go to his office to remind him of an engagement they had for the evening. After she had completed some errands she was driven to the Marquette Building. It was nearly twelve, and she might get him for luncheon. Of late he had given up coming home for luncheon, although Ritson Place was conveniently near Dearborn Street.

The footman disappeared into the tall hive, and in a few minutes returned with the message that Mr. McDonald had stepped out an hour before and had probably gone over to Knight & Turner, the brokers on LaSalle Street, who had called him up by telephone. Mrs. McDonald debated for a moment; then, as the message was an important one, she gave the order to drive to Knight & Turner's. The brokers' offices were only two blocks away, on the ground floor of an old, blackened building, which was pierced in many spots by telegraph and telephone cables. The first-floor windows bore the simple legend in white letters: "*Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.*"

She noticed while she waited that few people entered the brokers' door, but around the corner, downstairs, where a lengthier legend in gilt letters showed that another firm of brokers had their offices, a constant stream of men poured in and out of the swinging doors. She could see from her position in the carriage the top lines of an immense blackboard where a boy was writing rapidly a lengthening line of figures. Through the window that was dropped at the top came a perpetual clatter of ticking machines, but there did not seem to be much talk. The people who went in interested her; they were heterogeneous, but uniformly respectable. Young lawyers, doctors, and smart clerks in wholesale houses—most of them; now and then a grizzled, rather flashily dressed man that might be a habitué—might get a living by the ticker or the race-course. It was the noon hour, and the throng steadily increased.

Suddenly she recognized a face, and quickly withdrew into her carriage, feeling instinctively that the man would be annoyed to be known, feeling also that she might not have done right in driving over to the brokers' in this way. Several times again she perceived faces of people known to her, and each time she withdrew guiltily until the crowd of indifferent men filled up the space between the curb and the basement steps. The stream of men fascinated her. Just what they were doing behind the swinging doors she could not tell, but evidently something in stocks, and not in investment securities, either. They were too eager for that, too preoccupied, and even worried. Almost every one was smoking. One man whom she had seen enter came out in a few minutes, looked aimlessly up and down the street for a moment as if discontented with either prospect, and then set off, his head slightly bent, chewing at his unlighted cigar. He was not shaved, and his sallow flesh, pocked here and there, was seamed, as if from loss of sleep. Not a nice person at all, she thought, and then she reproved herself for her narrow judgment. He was merely a person that she would not be likely to meet, or if she did, he would be shaved and freshened—made presentable.

The footman came back and said that Mr. McDonald would be out presently.

She waited patiently, although it was growing late for luncheon. The stream of attendants at the brokers' office in the basement fascinated her. The noon crowd of clerks, lawyers, doctors were coming out, and to take their places older men were dropping in by twos and threes, business men who could get away from their offices for the afternoon. The exchange was open for the afternoon session. The younger men had evidently come to look over the situation as a whole, to watch the New York market that was already running its afternoon course. Now they were obliged to return to their desks.

At last McDonald came down the steps and crossed to the carriage window. His face was set in a sombre, rather preoccupied expression, as if he had been suffering some slightly annoying experience. He looked like this when the servants acted badly, or they missed their connections in traveling. He greeted her in a hurried manner that forced her to state her business at once in justification of disturbing him.

"Well, well," he replied impatiently, and she thought that he had not heard half what she had told him, or considered it altogether too trivial to warrant this interruption, "I must go back now."

"Why, I thought we'd lunch together!" she panted. "Let me take you back to your office, at least."

McDonald shook his head shortly.

"No, I must go back to Knight's for a moment and then get a bite of lunch. Yes, I'll be home in time to dress. Good-by."

"Barton," she called almost involuntarily, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing—a mere flurry; the bull market has had a setback. It's nothing of importance." He wheeled about to be detained no longer.

The carriage threaded its way carefully down the length of the busy street. It passed a number of other groups of men running in and out of offices, which bore the little signs: "*Stocks and Bonds, Grain and Provisions Bought and Sold.*"

She was glad when they had crossed to the busy wholesale streets. There the animation and bustle was another matter. Tangible things, like barrels of potatoes, bales of cotton, huge boxes of merchandise blocked the sidewalks. The prudent, shopkeeping blood in her veins seemed to respond to these manifestations of commerce. The other—LaSalle Street—terrified her. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," it has been writ. And that law had not been abrogated.

To-day, more than ever before, her possessions seemed vague, unsubstantial—phantoms of material desires that had borrowed tenuity for the moment, merely to escape on the morrow in elfish scorn. The one thing which saved her from taking this view of her life completely, instead of having a normal, sane enjoyment of her wealth, was that obstinate belief in her husband. But she had to admit that many admirable husbands had failed, had betrayed shocking judgments in "investments." And if life were nothing but a gamble, why might not to-morrow's throw be disastrous?

She tried to school herself to the idea of loss. To lose one's carriage, one's servants, one's house, nay, one's dreams—but she stopped. That was a step too far, and it was an idle thought. Perhaps the deprivation would not mean much, but the confession of mistake, of defeat would be galling. She must save. Mechanically, she opened her purse and emptied its contents into her lap—two ten-dollar bills and some silver. She picked up the bills and stared at them. They had no particular meaning for her, for she knew when they had disappeared that all she had to do was to write her name in a little red-covered book and present the paper at Field's, or anywhere, to get some more. And she could remember the time in her father's house when a ten-dollar bill had much significance; indeed, it had never quite lost its importance during her maiden days. Now it meant nothing more than an electric bell, or a tray, or any other convenient way of getting your desires fulfilled.

It irritated her, this appearance of a Tantalus meal to which she was forced to give her attention, and with her customary energy she sought to find the cause. Earlier she and Barton had appropriated his income to different accounts; now they spent what had to be spent without much reference to the particular account to which the money should be set down. She must insist on their returning to the old method.

McDonald came in rather earlier than usual, with the same set look of annoyance that his face had worn at noon. She forbore to probe the matter there and then, but some hours later, when they were alone before going upstairs for the night, she could contain herself no longer. All the evening she had kept an eye upon her husband's face, trying to supply the causes for its lines, trying also to settle the uneasiness of her morning's reflection. She knew no particular *finesse*—Barton and she had not been in the habit of managing each other—and so she began awkwardly:

"What did you mean by a flurry?"

"That the market was irregular in prices," he replied sententiously; "some things up; more down."

"What difference does that make?" she persisted. "You didn't lose anything, did you?"

"No," he answered slowly, "not exactly." Then he added in a burst of confidence, "but if the market doesn't recover soon I shall have to lose."

"Why?" she asked bluntly. "If the investments are good, what difference does it make what people think about them just now?"

"You don't understand," he began pettishly, with a sense of the hopelessness of making her understand it all.

"But I want to," she pressed; "I must——"

"I have a lot of stock that I have bought on account."

"What's that?"

"The brokers have bought it for me," he explained with increasing irritation, "but it is more than I care to pay for outright, and they are holding it for me."

"Oh!" after a pause she continued. "But they can sell it for you, can't they?"

"Yes, Goody! But I don't want them to sell it at a loss. See?"

"You can buy it, then, can't you?

"Well, no, not all; it is a good round lot

"What is it?

"Sugar, six hundred shares," he blurted out irritably

She gazed into space for a few minutes and then asked

How much was it?

"One sixty-five," McDonald answered wearily

"Why! six hundred shares; that's most a hundred thousand dollars! How can you buy all that?"

"I can't. The brokers do"—and he went into further explanations. Suddenly she interrupted him fearfully, "But isn't that margining?"

He hesitated. He knew what a fated word that was in the Blake household

"Buying on account is what I said," he answered briefly

"But isn't it the same thing as margins?" she persisted relentlessly

After a moment he replied doggedly, "Yes, you can call it that

The book she had been fingering slipped from her hands. When McDonald glanced at her he was startled by the horrified, tense expression of her face. He got up and put his hand on her shoulder and smiled reassuringly

That is gambling," she whispered at last, "gambling."

"Nonsense," McDonald retorted

And they spent a long while over the matter, he trying to explain, to make her understand; she recurring to the dreaded term that had such potency over her imagination. Finally he gave it up in despair and began to take refuge in the authority of his judgment, in the propriety of his will. Even that seemed to have got a shock in her mind. She ventured to plead with him, to urge him to sell the Sugar certificates on the morrow. At last he exclaimed brutally: "I can't. If I sold to-morrow it would wipe out almost everything we have, house and all

At that she said never a word, but got up and walked nervously about the room, examining this thing, then that; handling the bric-à-brac and ornaments until the atmosphere became intolerable to her husband. At last she went upstairs. To all appearances she had accepted the situation

Chapter III

THE famous bull market of '98 and '99! Whoever is interested in the psychological manifestation of a nation as reflected in the stock market will long remember the vagaries of that season. The picture of an insatiable public, greedy for stock certificates, fed for weeks on the emptiest rumors that floated up from Wall Street like the cloud swirls from a factory chimney! More remarkable were the occasional periods of distrust when the ignorant multitude, for no apparent reason, was temporarily glutted with its paper trumpery and refused more. For weeks a steady, upward wave, then a halt, then irregular spurts of strength, then a general sag—such was the course of the public pulse as read by the ticker

These conditions were not reflected openly in the Ritson Place house. Mrs McDonald asked no more questions after that evening when she had tried to master the distinction between "buying on account" and "margins" and had totally failed But the market was reflected as by a sixth sense: the atmosphere of the house was the atmosphere of the market now optimistic, upward, careless; now feverish and fretful, underwrought by scarcely defined fears. She divined that after an anxious two weeks Burton had got rid of his Sugar certificates, even, or at a slight loss. She found herself wishing that it had been a crushing loss, a kind of catastrophe that would deter him from hazardous ventures of a similar nature. When he began to talk once more of Europe, she felt that "something had gone well" besides the regular business, some stock had been "put up," and he had "realized." When he was talkative, full of plans, imaginative, the market was on the rise. When he was gloomy conservative, inclined to cynicism, he was being pushed Barton had never been moody—his solid intelligence had hitherto kept a sane note—but now she read him by his moods

She found herself chiming in tune with these moods—now lulled to quiet and fain to trust in her old faith; now suspicious, puritanic and fearful. No matter what the mood might be, however, the same transparent mist of unreality hung over the world and its goods. Should he come home to-morrow and announce that he had taken passage for Europe, she should accept it as a curious bit of the fretwork of dreams that might vanish over night. The horses and the carriage were toys, the house was a home under the sea, the dinners were Persian feasts—a messenger would come some bright day and strike the table. Presto! she would awake

The measure of reality seemed the Ponds and their sordid struggles. Isabelle and she carefully avoided the subject of stocks—both veiling their eyes before the growing affluency of the Ritson Place house—and sought the safe ruts of old companionship, the insubstantial realities of women's commerce. So for a three months. Then a careless remark let slip by Isabelle awoke her unhappy imagination in all its old vividness

We may not always be poor. There is more in this world than slaving from nine to five for daily bread and a roof

The resentful tone, she thought, might be in sarcasm at her own easy circumstances. But she thought not—it went deeper; it went so deep as to show a new side of Isabelle's nature. She had no ready reply. In pondering this later, a fear came over her; Isabelle was untying the leash that she had so cleverly and affectionately tied about poor Willie Pond. Was she pointing the finger of comparison to her husband—a married woman's deadliest, last weapon? The

"TO THE BULL MARKET"

Ponds had a nurse now and nothing was said about the mortgage on the Buena Park house. Instead, Mrs. Pond spoke of taking the children East for the summer. Decidedly the Ponds must have discovered some new springs of ease

She was minded to ask Barton about it. She suspected with misgivings that Barton might know more of Willie Pond's affairs than she cared to have him. He seemed to see a good deal of Pond in the city, lunched with him three or four times a week. But they had been getting so gayly and for the past month that her idle, suspicious, questioning mind had been almost at peace. She had taken a great deal of interest in the discussion at the Monday Club over the question of foreign education for American children. It was generally known that the lucky McDonalds "were contemplating an extended residence abroad." So she refrained from asking troublesome questions. Instead, she changed Margaret's kindergarten and joined a class in French conversation

Then out of all the clear sunshine there came a bolt Some big man overate or overdrank himself in New York and died—an innocent enough event. She read it in the paper, but scarcely noted it. That evening, however, Barton came home with a heavy face, all the lines of maturity sunk in his brow The next morning they were not wiped away, nor the next, nor the next. Clearly this was no ordinary "flurry," to which she had grown accustomed. The McDonalds began to decline invitations! Barton was not well—too tired to run about until twelve every night These days of perturbation there were only two of her possessions that seemed really hers—the children and Barton. As for the carriage, the house and the servants, she clean forgot about them. They were packing themselves up in her mind and soon would be off for good. In more hopeful moments she comforted herself with thinking that her husband, whether right or wrong in his actions, was no weakling. He would bring things out right, give him time. She gave it, drilling herself to be lenient

Willie Pond was drinking again so she heard from the Eustises, who lived at Buena Park. She avoided meeting Isabelle, for something might come out which she shrank from facing. She kept up her round of duties from church to kitchen. Margaret had a governess now, and she was watching the governess. At last she met Isabelle Pond accidentally at the Armitages' reception. Mrs. Pond seemed to elude her, wilfully, in the press of people. She pursued Isabelle, edging her way in by the corners, until she overtook her friend

Drive back in my carriage, Belle."

Mrs. Pond answered coolly: "No, thanks. The electric is good enough for me. It's got to be good enough

The two women looked at one another silently while the ripples of talk went over their heads. Every minute some one from the struggling sea grasped one of them by hand, and their faces would relax from the tragic mask—for a moment

"Come, Isabelle!" Mrs. McDonald plead. And when she pushed into the crowd again the other woman followed her

Once in the carriage, Mrs. McDonald lowered the silk shades

"What is it, Belle?"

Mrs. Pond's lips quivered proudly, and then she cried, defiantly, openly: "It is all over. We struggled so hard. The house must go, and we owe——

"But how?"

Mrs. Pond drew herself up proudly——

"*You* ask?"

Isabelle, I know *nothing!*"

The other woman looked at her critically

"I have *felt* so much Mrs. McDonald explained apologetically so much—everything is so queer It's like opium

Mrs. Pond wiped her eyes

"May, do you pretend to tell me that you don't *know* what has happened this week that Will has lost every cent we have and more—over fifteen thousand? He went into something with your husband, and some horrid man died, and everything slumped, and Will's——" but she could not finish A new sob overtook her

No, I did not know that," Mrs McDonald replied calmly. She was thinking. Suddenly the world flamed up, red and vivid and tragic. The vision burned her, and it was refreshing to feel even pain

"No, I did not know that," she repeated monotonously. "Where have I been living? I have been asleep." She stroked Isabelle's hands, trying to comfort her

Hush; don't tell me anything more, just yet. Thomas will take you home. I will see you soon—to-morrow, perhaps

The groom held open the door, and Mrs McDonald heard the click of the lock for the last time, she thought

Barton was at home, although it was early, and to her annoyance her father was with him. They were sitting in the little den, or rather standing, as if their conversation had been animated. While she crossed the hall and came toward them they suspended their talk and waited for her

Her dear old father! she thought, with a little gasp; they must keep this sickening mess from his sight. But after one glance she knew that was no longer possible

May," her father spoke gently, as was his manner when he had a family rebuke to administer. "May, did you know about this—about what Barton has been doing

She looked at her husband to make the denial for her, but to her amazement he turned away as if to avoid the question

No," she began, but moved by the thought that this was not the truth exactly, and not courageous to the covenant of marriage, she retracted: "I should say yes, in part.'

Her father looked at her keenly, rather sorrowfully as he replied: "I thought my children had been brought up—well it's useless to go into that. You should know that your husband has been speculating in stocks, has been speculating wildly, and stands responsible to-day for nearly a hundred thousand dollars more than he can possibly pay. So he has come to me——" he added wearily, as if it were not the first time that he had had to bear heavy burdens of others' folly

"Did Barton go to you?" she flashed out scornfully

"What else was there for him to do?" her father answered, as Barton did not take the chance to reply.

Your husband cannot be disgraced.'

She had it on her lips to say "But he is disgraced." It would be well later, however, not to have said that

I am disappointed,' the old man continued reproachfully. "I was so proud of you

She was glad to see that Barton winced at the use of the verb "Now, is this *all?*

Barton nodded. The old man took his leave with a final order: "Come to my office to-morrow morning

Her first words, when they were alone, were "How could you say *all?* Where is Willie Pond's money

"I haven't it," Barton replied morosely. "I am not responsible for all the idiots and the unfortunates, am I?"

What will they do?'

He shrugged his shoulders

"Dear," she went on more tenderly, "why did you go to father? Couldn't we have managed it?'

A hundred thousand—little you know!'

She saw that it would be useless to enter upon the deeper

(Continued on Page 678)

MEN AND WOMEN
Close-Range Studies

Seumas MacManus, Schoolmaster

Until two years ago Seumas MacManus, the Irish story-teller, taught a little parish school—the same at which he had himself gathered his knowledge—among the Donegal Mountains. Another young schoolmaster, and a schoolmate, James Sweeney, tells of Mr. MacManus' eventful step when he decided to forsake his school and turn to literature

"I believe he locked the school door for the last time with a sigh of regret," writes Mr Sweeney. "There were many ties to attach him to the place. It was the school where many of his careless, happy boyhood hours were spent, where his youthful companionships had been formed and cemented by pleasant remembrances, and mayhap where his youthful ambitions first sprung into existence. There were boys whose jacket sleeves were rubbed stealthily across their eyes that day when he announced his intention of leaving them. Seumas MacManus gained his appointment to this school as he forced his way into the ranks of literature—by open competition. I think there were upward of eight candidates for the position. I was one myself, and 'Mac,' though the youngest, I believe, left us far behind. He has left us farther behind since

"When he resigned this appointment about two years ago the parish and surrounding districts were thrown into such a state of alarm as would prevail in London if Joe Chamberlain should relinquish his office at the present juncture. People could not believe that any man in his proper senses would thus commit professional suicide. It was incomprehensible that any man of mature judgment should throw away the fabulous salary of sixty pounds a year!

"Quite easy was the transition to the explanation that he was asked by his employers to resign because he persisted in writing lying stories for the papers, and poetry. It then got into the county paper and thence into everybody's mouth that, owing to the part he had taken in the commemoration of the Irish Rebellion of '98, the Education Department had called upon him to retire from office. So the people were loud and vehement in their indignation when they discovered 'the Masther was broke' with all the force and energy of their hones' kindly hearts they sympathized with him in his misfortune, just as the had deplored his rashness when he had announced that he was going to publish a book

"There were a few who maintained that 'Mac's' resignation was in no way forced—that it was a voluntary act of his own. Jemmy Friel, the roadmaker, was one of this minority

"'It's my opinion,' said Jemmy, leaning on the shovel and addressing himself to Ned Simm and Mick Curley, 'it's my opinion that the masther's not the fart iv a boy to do sich a thing as design if he didn't lak him self If he wanted to houl' on to the taichin' he wudn't design for all the boords in Dublin He'd hev it thried in Parliamint beyant first

St. Mas MacManus

Edwin Emerson's Expensive Correspondence

When a New York lyceum manager recently talked to Edwin Emerson, Jr., about his war experiences as a correspondent, Rough Rider, and member of General Wheeler's staff, he said, "Emerson, I'd like to have you give a course of lectures for me, but I suppose you have made so much out of the war that you cannot be touched by an ordinary offer"

"I made one dollar out of the war, and I did it on one hundred cents. I started out for a newspaper with an artist, and we had $100 between us We joined Sampson's fleet at Key West, and it was so long waiting for orders that we used our money up and finally we had only one dollar left. My friend had a hat I liked, and I bought it from him and gave him the dollar. Just then orders came for the fleet to move and we had to be on board the transports at once We owed the landlord a large bill, and we tossed pennies to see who should converse with him about the non-payment of it It came to me, and I talked with him He said he was a patriot and believed we were also, and we could pay when we came back Meanwhile our bles for money we not answered. We left about five dollars' worth of laundry with our host and joined the fleet We stopped to coal at Cape Haytian, and I got off and sent forty dollars' worth of cablegrams and gave my name as security. Then I went on to Puerto Rico, where I raised some money on a draft. I did Puerto Rico as a German peasant, and worked my way to San Juan and back to the coast There I sailed out in a small boat which I lifted. I was picked up by a passing steamer from Santa Cruz, and at that time I had forty cents left. The passengers, who were mostly Americans, made up a purse and fairly hauled me from the steerage into the first cabin. I arrived in Brooklyn penniless, and I had to slip past the ferryman to get over to New York. I made at once for the office of my paper, expecting to be met like a conquering hero and to be féted and given several dinners, not to say a life position by the editor. Nobody noticed me, and I said to the old door-boy:

"'Say, that's a nice way they have here of treating a war correspondent, isn't it?'

"'Didn't you know,' he said, 'that the paper has failed?'

"'Failed!' said I, and wandered or rather groped, out into the street. 'Yes,' he explained, 'and they cabled you to Key West fifteen minutes after you left not to go to the front.'

"I rushed uptown and I met a friend who said: 'Say, Emerson, where has your wife moved to? She was to bring us a poem last week, and she neither wrote nor called We sent to her house and they said there that she had moved'

"I replied not a word, but finally found out where my father-in-law was and walked to his place. There I saw my wife. After I told her what straits I was in she said: 'I have been very thrifty, and I have saved all your salary checks for months back—ever since you left. Here they are, a present for you.'

"Of course the checks were worthless I had to write for months afterward and give every cent I earned to the cable people, who had taken up my drafts, but, still, perhaps it's worth while to have done the war on a dollar."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

A Change of Bliss

The Rev Dr. William Bliss, of Pasadena California, is the head of a new school of political science, of which the chief features are direct legislation, and the initiative and referendum. His leading followers are college men and pedagogues. One of them said lately to a Los Angeles woman:

"I do not understand why Doctor Bliss' friends should be exclusively learned men, especially scientists."

"Why, Tom Moore explained that long ago,' was her quick answer. "'They have turned from the bees of science to take up the science of Bliss.'"

Lord Wolseley in America

It is not generally known that Lord Wolseley, Commander in Chief of the British Army, visited the ranks of both the Union and Confederate Armies of this country during the Civil War. It was in 1863. He was then a Lieutenant Colonel and was serving with his regiment in Canada. He received permission to come to the States and made a personal inspection of the warring American troops. After visiting Washington, he was allowed to cross the lines, and he entered the territory occupied by General Lee. It was there that he met Colonel John J. Garnett, of New York, one of the best-known survivors of the Civil War

"I had been out on picket duty," said Colonel Garnett the other day, "when Colonel Wolseley made his appearance My troops were not in the best of condition, but we were proud and glad to see him, and we made him feel as much at home as our circumstances would permit. The next day I saw him at General Lee's headquarters and was detailed to accompany him through the ranks. The following day we had an inspection of all the troops available, and Colonel Wolseley was among Lee's staff as the men marched by. He was a tall, soldierly man in the early prime of life, vigorous, strong and pleasant-mannered. He took in everything that there was to be seen and his comments were marked with rare common sense and military judgment. Our men, as I said, were not in the best of condition, but the Colonel did not humiliate us by calling our attention to the fact. After he had seen all that he cared about, he returned North and rejoined his command Meantime the Colonel and I had struck up a more than ordinary intimacy, and after the war, and even during the struggle, we began a correspondence which lasts to this day.

"The next time I saw him was in London, in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. We had renewed our old acquaintanceship, and I rode with him as a member of his staff When we had ridden past Her Majesty and had taken our stand to watch the review of that part of the British Army on duty in the capital, Lord Wolseley turned to me and said:

"'Colonel, there isn't much resemblance between these soldiers and those we reviewed together down in Virginia.'

"'No,' I answered; 'but I don't think they can fight any harder than our boys could and did.'

"'I hope to Heaven,' answered His Lordship piously, 'that they never will have any need to.'"

President Steyn's Cyrano Courtship

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, took for a wife Miss Fraser, who was the belle of Bloemfontein. This was many years ago, when the great Africander was a poor, struggling law student and clerk. Miss Fraser's parents were very proud and well-to-do, and did not favor the match. Steyn made love and wrote love letters by proxy, choosing a prominent young farmer as the go-between. Every day, sometimes twice a day, Miss Fraser and the farmer would take long walks and rides together. Bloemfontein made up its mind that Steyn had been cut out, when the law student returned from Europe where he had taken his degree. Gossip rose to fever heat when the news came that Steyn had called upon the farmer. Everybody was certain that a duel was about to come off. A short time passed in which every one was on the *qui vive*. Disappointment was nothing to the feeling which was created when, instead of a duel, there was the wedding of Steyn and Miss Fraser, with the farmer as the first groomsman

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY

OF THE HOUR of Contemporaries

The New Japanese Minister

Jutaro Komura, the Japanese Minister, has made a most agreeable impression in Washington, not only on his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps, but on every one who has had the pleasure of meeting him. He is especially popular with newspaper men, to whom he is invariably cordial and frank, appreciating their position, their point of view and their mission better than the majority of diplomatists from the Orient, who are either too confidential or too reserved, and who are constantly getting themselves into hot water, and making themselves unpopular by loud complaints that they have been willfully misrepresented.

Mr. Komura is small in figure, even for a Japanese, slender, frail almost, but wiry, and quick in his movements. He is about forty-five years old. He began his diplomatic career before he had hardly reached his majority, and since that time has been constantly in the service of the State. His early education was received at the Kaisei Gakko and at the Imperial University at Tokyo. Subsequently he took a degree at Harvard, and remained for a number of years in the United States, fitting himself for an official career in his own country.

As Secretary of Legation at Peking at the time it was known that war between the two great Oriental nations, China and Japan, was inevitable, as Civil Governor of the captured province of Antung, following the war, and as Minister resident in Koren, Mr. Komura made a record which made him a potent factor in the politics of the Flowery Kingdom. He resigned the position of Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs to accept the appointment at Washington.

Japan will follow the example of other nations who have raised their representatives to the rank of Ambassador, and [illegible] promoted to the highest diplomatic rank.

Hambourg and the Conductor

All great pianists are more or less eccentric as to their hair, and the latest prodigy, Mark Hambourg, a *protégé* of Paderewski who came to this country in October last, is no exception to the rule. He is of medium height, muscular, smooth shaven, and has a football growth of hair that enables him to wear a hat several sizes too large for him. During his brief but brilliant experience in Europe and Australia the young player was successful, artistically, professionally and pecuniarily, to a high degree, therefore when he came to America he was led to believe that his name was one to conjure with. And his first experience on an American railroad did much to secure him in this belief. It was on a sleeping car over a rough stretch of road full of curves and [illegible] hazardous task. After being thrown from one side of the [illegible]

"Say," said he in his broken English, "tell your conductor that he must go slower around these corners or I shall not be able to appear to my audience to-morrow."

"What's the matter with the car?" asked the porter.

"It goes too fast around the corners. It jolts me all to pieces. I am Mark Hambourg, pianist, and I must play to-morrow. Tell him all I say and waste no time."

Then the player crept back to his section, and the porter returned to his boots, whistling meantime an unclassical, rag-time air, and the incident, so far as he was concerned, was dropped. But

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MARK HAMBOURG

that within five minutes the train slowed up at a junction where it waited two hours for a Southern connection, and in the stillness of the night the pianist composed himself to slumber, a pleasant smile resting on his face. His command had been obeyed.

It was after Hambourg's first concert in New York that a friend said to him: "Didn't I tell you so? What a fine audience you had. I told you you could just pick up money in the streets here. New York is full of it."

The musician smiled and agreed with him. The next day he took a street-car ride and paid his fare with a crisp new dollar bill, one of those he had picked up in the concert hall. He was handed in change a lead fifty-cent piece, a defaced quarter, a crooked ten cent piece, and a fresh minted dime. On his way home he endeavored to pass some of the money, but without [illegible]. When he met his friend in the evening he showed him the change and said

"What do you think of it?"

"Where did you get it?" was the reply.

"In a street car."

"Well, I told you you could pick up money in the streets, but I didn't say anything about street cars."

Madame Lehmann's Two Fads

The interest which Madame Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera prima donna has taken in saving the song birds of America has given a special significance to her appearance in society. Not long ago a committee of ladies called upon her in New York and asked her to sing for their pet charity.

"I will do so upon one condition," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"It is that you promise me never again to wear song birds' feathers upon your hats."

The promise was given and Madame Lehmann sang.

A member of one of the companies in which Madame Lehmann traveled last year says that the singer's sentimentality for animals often caused [illegible] annoyance. She is an ardent vegetarian, and [illegible] mal food. She does not [illegible] and at dinner always turns down her glass. It is customary for refreshments of some sort to be passed around behind the scenes before and during an operatic performance. One evening an old stage hand asked Madame Lehmann if she would have some wine.

"Madame Patti sang Lucia on roast chicken and this wine," said he.

"Indeed?" replied Madame Lehmann; "well, I sing Brunhilde on a plate of rice and water."

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MADAME LILLI LEHMANN

Mr. Bryant's Venturesome Slide

Henry G. Bryant, one of the two American Vice Presidents of the Geographical Association which met in Berlin last summer, has returned to this country. Mr. Bryant has not only been in the Arctic regions with one of the Peary Auxiliary Expeditions, but he has done considerable exploring on his own account. He discovered the great falls of Labrador, and climbed almost to the top of Mount St. Elias. His most recent experience was in the Canadian Rockies. He had two men with him and a pack-train. Taking one of his comrades, he climbed for several days above the clouds toward the peak of the highest mountain in the range. They were fully ten thousand feet above sea level when they were driven back by a storm. At their feet lay a *névé* basin, which is the beginning of a glacier, and in plain English is a hole in the frozen snow, with almost perpendicular sides, extending downward hundreds of feet. The two men were tied together with a rope. Bryant, being the heavier, brought up the procession. After they had struggled down [illegible] wall with their picks, his companion lost his foothold, and they started on a wild slide for the bottom. Just as each man had given up all hope, the foremost one caught his ice ax in a protruding rock and they were brought up with a short jerk. It seemed almost miraculous. After they had got their breath Mr. Bryant remarked coolly:

"Well, no bones are broken, fortunately. Let's go on."

And they toiled for another two hours until every particle of strength was exhausted. There were still four hundred feet of space to cover before the bottom was reached.

"Suppose we slide; it can't any more than kill us."

Making extemporized sleds of their superfluous clothing they let loose all hold and darted into space. In a few seconds they brought up at the bottom in a soft snow-bank.

"Why didn't we think of that before?" said Bryant. "It wasn't much trouble getting down here."

"It isn't the getting down here I'm thinking about," returned his companion. "It's the getting back."

The Man Who Would Not Meet the Prince

Probably the only American of distinction who was in New York at the time and declined to meet the Prince of Wales [illegible] afterward, and has not been forgotten by England's future [illegible] Ethan Allen, author, financier, diplomat and club man. Allen was about the Prince's age, a law student at the New York University. He refused to attend any of the functions.

"If the Prince wants to see me let him call on me," he said.

His friends laughed. But the Prince did call upon Allen the first week he was here. It was in the old University building in Washington Square, where young Allen had shut himself up for study. That same day the Chancellor was to receive the Prince in another part of the building.

The reception hour came, and Allen sat in his solitude. Before long, he heard a loud knocking and a voice:

"Open this door. Who's in here?"

He opened the door and there stood Chancellor Ferris, and on his arm was the Prince. They evidently felt it a relief to be out of the jam. The members of the party were advanced in years, except Mr. Allen and the Prince, and the two boys soon came together. [illegible]

"Thank you, sir," replied Mr. Allen. [illegible] than an hour. When they parted the Prince said:

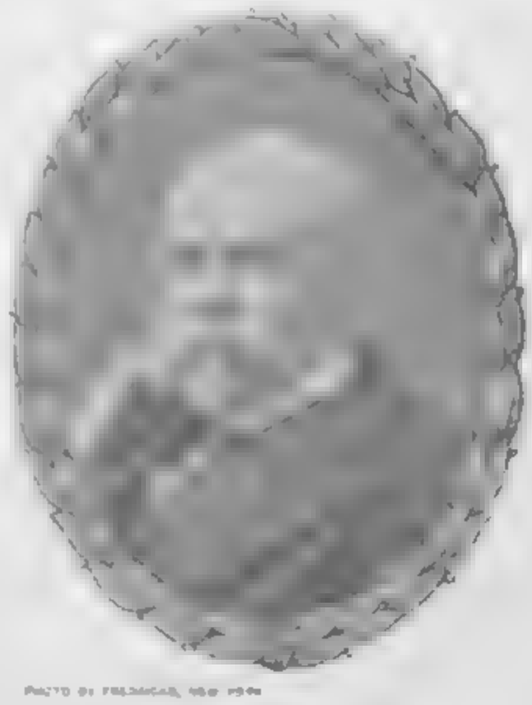
"I don't know when I have had such a good time. Will you call upon me at my hotel?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "I haven't the time."

The Prince looked astonished but went on. "Well, if you haven't time now, Mr. Allen, perhaps you may have time when you visit England. At any rate, don't forget me."

Though Colonel Allen has visited England many times, he has never availed himself of this invitation, but last year when the Prince received a representative of the Sons of the American Revolution he [illegible] looking over an old diary, and I came across the strangest incident that happened to me during my American visit. It was about a man named Allen who refused to meet me. Do you know him? I'd like to meet that man again."

But they haven't met yet.



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ETHAN ALLEN

Bohemian Days *in* San Francisco

By Bret Harte

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AT THE time of these earlier impressions the Chinese had not yet become the recognized factors in the domestic and business economy of the city which they had come to be when I returned from the mines three years later. Yet they were even then a more remarkable and picturesque contrast to the bustling, breathless and brand new life of San Francisco than the Spaniard. The latter seldom flaunted his faded dignity in the principal thoroughfares. "John" was to be met everywhere. It was a common thing to see a long file of sampan coolies carrying their baskets slung between them, on poles, jostling a modern, well dressed crowd in Montgomery Street, or to get a whiff of their burned punk in the side streets; while the road leading to their temporary burial-ground at Lone Mountain was littered with slips of colored paper scattered from their funerals. They brought an atmosphere of the Arabian Nights into the hard, modern civilization; their shops—not always confined at that time to a Chinese Quarter—were replicas of the bazaars of Canton and Peking, with their quaint display of little dishes on which tit-bits of food delicacies were exposed for sale, all of the dimensions and unreality of a doll's kitchen or a child's housekeeping

They were a revelation to the Eastern immigrant, whose preconceived ideas of them were borrowed from the ballet or pantomime; they did not wear scalloped drawers, and hats with jingling bells on their points, nor did I ever see them dance with their forefingers vertically extended. They were always neatly dressed, even the commonest of coolies, and their festive dresses were marvels. As traders they were grave and patient; as servants they were sad and civil, and all were singularly infantine in their natural simplicity. The living representatives of the oldest civilization in the world, they seemed like children. Yet they kept their beliefs and sympathies to themselves, never fraternizing with the *fanqui*, or foreign devil, or losing their singular racial qualities. They indulged in their own peculiar habits; of their social and inner life San Francisco knew but little and cared less. Even at this early period, and before I came to know them more intimately, I remember an incident of their daring fidelity to their own customs that was accidentally revealed to me. I had become acquainted with a Chinese youth of about my own age, as I imagined—although from mere outward appearance it was generally impossible to judge of a Chinaman's age between the limits of seventeen and forty years—and he had, in a burst of confidence, taken me to see some characteristic sights in a Chinese warehouse within a stone's throw of the Plaza. I was struck by the singular circumstance that while the warehouse was an erection of wood in the ordinary hasty Californian style, there were certain brick and stone divisions in its interior, like small rooms or closets, evidently added by the Chinamen tenants. My companion stopped before a long, very narrow entrance, a mere longitudinal slit in the brick wall, and with a wink of infantine deviltry motioned me to look inside. I did so and saw a room, really a cell, of fair height but scarcely six feet square, and barely able to contain a rude, slanting couch of stone covered with matting, on which lay, at a painful angle, a richly dressed Chinaman. A single glance at his dull, staring, abstracted eyes and half-open mouth showed me he was in an opium trance. This was not in itself a novel sight, and I was moving away when I was suddenly startled by the appearance of his hands, which were stretched helplessly before him on his body and at first sight seemed to be in a kind of wicker cage.

I then saw that his finger nails were seven or eight inches long and were supported by bamboo splints. Indeed, they were no longer human nails, but twisted and distorted quills, giving him the appearance of having gigantic claws. "Velly big Chinaman," whispered my cheerful friend; "first-chop man—high classee—no can washee—no can eat no drinke, no catchee him own glub allee same nothee man—China boy must catchee glub for him, allee time! Oh! him first-chopman you bettee!"

I had heard of this singular custom of indicating caste before, and was amazed and disgusted, but I was not prepared for what followed. My companion, evidently thinking he had impressed me, grew more reckless as showman and, saying to me, "Now me showee you one funny thing—heap makee you laugh," led me hurriedly across a little courtyard swarming with chickens and rabbits, when he stopped before another inclosure. Suddenly brushing past an astonished Chinaman who seemed to be standing guard, he thrust me into the inclosure in front of a most extraordinary object. It was a Chinaman wearing a huge, square, wooden frame fastened around his neck like a collar, and fitting so tightly and rigidly that the flesh rose in puffy weals around his cheeks. He was chained to a post, although it was as impossible for him to have escaped with his wooden cage through the narrow doorway as it was for him to lie down and rest in it. Yet I am bound to say that his eyes and face expressed nothing but apathy, and there was no appeal to the sympathy of the stranger. My companion said hurriedly:

"Velly bad man; steelee heap from Chinamen," and then, apparently alarmed at his own indiscreet intrusion, hustled me away as quickly as possible amid a shrill cackling of protestation from a few of his own countrymen who had joined the one who was keeping guard. In another moment we were in the street again—scarce a step from the Plaza, in the full light of Western civilization—not a stone's throw from the Courts of Justice.

My companion took to his heels and left me standing there bewildered and indignant. I could not rest until I had told my story, but without betraying my companion, to an acquaintance, who laid the facts before the police authorities. I had expected to be closely cross-examined—to be doubted—to be disbelieved. To my surprise, I was told that the police had already cognizance of similar cases of illegal and barbarous punishments, but that the victims themselves refused to testify against their countrymen—and it was impossible to convict or even to identify them. "A white man can't tell one Chinese from another, and there are always a dozen of 'em to swear that the man you've got isn't the one." I was startled to reflect that I, too, could not have conscientiously sworn to either jailer or the tortured prisoner—or perhaps even to my cheerful companion. The police on some pretext made a raid upon the premises a day or two afterward, but without result. I wondered if they had caught sight of the high-class first-chop individual with the helplessly outstretched fingers, as that story I had kept to myself

—AN ACCIDENT WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY THE PROMPT BREAKING OF ANOTHER BY THE NEOPHYTE

But these barbaric vestiges in John Chinaman's habits did not affect his relations with the San Franciscans. He was singularly peaceful, docile and harmless as a servant, and, with rare exceptions, honest and temperate. If he sometimes matched cunning with cunning it was the flattery of imitation. He did most of the menial work of San Francisco and did it cleanly. Except that he exhaled a peculiar druglike odor, he was not personally offensive in domestic contact, and by virtue of being the recognized laundryman of the whole community his own blouses were always freshly washed and ironed. His conversational reserve arose, not from his having to deal with an unfamiliar language—for he had picked up a picturesque and varied vocabulary with ease—but from his natural temperament. He was devoid of curiosity, and utterly unimpressed by anything but the purely business concerns of those he served. Domestic secrets were safe with him: his indifference to your thoughts, actions and feelings had all the contempt which his three thousand years of history and his innate belief in your inferiority seemed to justify. He was blind and deaf in your household because you didn't interest him in the least. It was said that a gentleman who wished to test his impassiveness arranged with his wife to come home one day and, in the hearing of his Chinese waiter—who was more than usually intelligent—to disclose with well simulated emotion the details of a murder he had just committed. He did so. The Chinaman heard it without a sign of horror or attention even to the lifting of an eyelid, but continued his duties unconcerned. Unfortunately, the gentleman, in order to increase the horror of the situation, added that now there was nothing left for him but to cut his throat. At this John quietly left the room. The gentleman was delighted at the success of his ruse until the door reopened and John reappeared with his master's razor, which he quietly slipped—as if it had been a forgotten fork—beside his master's plate and calmly resumed his serving. I have always considered this story to be quite as improbable as it was inartistic, from its tacit admission of a certain interest on the part of the Chinaman. *I* never knew one who would have been sufficiently concerned to go for the razor.

His taciturnity and reticence may have been confounded with rudeness of address—although he was always civil enough. "I see you have listened to me and done exactly what I told you," said a lady commending some performance of her servant after a previous lengthy lecture; "that's very nice." "Yes," said John calmly, "you talkee allee time; talkee allee too much." "I always find Ling very polite," said another lady, speaking of her cook, "but I wish he did not always say to me, 'Good night, John,' in a high falsetto voice." She had not recognized the fact that he was simply repeating her own salutation with his marvelous instinct of relentless imitation, even as to voice. I hesitate to record the endless stories of his misapplication of that faculty which were then current, from the one of the laundryman who removed the buttons from the shirts that were sent to him to wash that they might agree with the condition of the one offered him as a pattern for "doing up," to that of the unfortunate employer who, while showing John how to handle valuable china carefully, had the misfortune to drop a plate himself—an accident which was followed by the prompt breaking of another by the neophyte, with the addition of "Oh, hellee!" in humble imitation of his master. I have spoken of his general cleanliness; I am reminded of one or two exceptions which I think, however, were errors of zeal. His manner of sprinkling clothes in preparing them for ironing was peculiar. He would fill his mouth with perfectly pure water from a glass beside him, and then by one dexterous movement of his lips in a prolonged expiration squirt the water in an almost invisible misty shower on the article before him. Shocking as this was at first to the sensibilities of many American employers, it was finally accepted, and even commended. It was some time after this that the mistress of a household, admiring the deft way in which her cook had spread a white sauce on certain dishes, was cheerfully informed that the method was "allee same."

His recreations at that time were chiefly gambling, for the Chinese theatre wherein he later produced his plays (which lasted for several months and comprised the events of a whole dynasty) was not yet built. But he had one or two companies of jugglers who occasionally performed also at American theatres. I remember a singular incident which attended the début of a newly arrived company. It seemed that the company had been taken on their Chinese reputation solely, and there had been no previous rehearsal before the American stage manager. The theatre was filled with an audience of decorous and respectable San Franciscans of both sexes. It was suddenly emptied in the middle of the performance; the curtain came down with an alarmed and blushing manager apologizing to deserted benches, and the show abruptly terminated. Exactly *what* had happened never appeared in the public papers nor in the published apology of the manager. It afforded a few days' mirth for wicked San Francisco, and it was epigrammatically summed up in the remark that "the next morning no woman could be found in San Francisco who was at that performance, and no man who was not." Yet it was alleged even by John's worst detractors that he was innocent of any intended offense. Equally innocent but perhaps more morally instructive was an incident that brought his career as a singularly successful

Editor's Note: This is the second of two papers on Bohemian Days in San Francisco.

physician to a disastrous close. An ordinary native Chinese doctor, practicing entirely among his own countrymen, was reputed to have made extraordinary cures with two or three American patients. With no other advertising than this, and apparently no other inducement offered to the public than what their curiosity suggested, he was presently besieged by hopeful and eager sufferers. Hundreds of patients were turned away from his crowded doors. Two interpreters sat, day and night, translating the ills of ailing San Francisco to this medical oracle and dispensing his prescriptions—usually small powders—in exchange for current coin. In vain the regular practitioners pointed out that the Chinese possessed no superior medical knowledge, and that their religion, which proscribed dissection and autopsies, naturally limited their understanding of the body into which they put their drugs. Finally they prevailed upon an eminent Chinese authority to give them a list of the remedies generally used in the Chinese pharmacopœia, and this was privately circulated. For obvious reasons I may not repeat it here. But it was summed up—again after the usual Californian epigrammatic style—by the remark that "whatever were the comparative merits of Chinese and American practice, a simple perusal of the list would prove that the Chinese were capable of producing the most powerful emetic known." The craze subsided in a single day; the interpreters and their oracle vanished; the Chinese doctors' signs, which had multiplied, disappeared, and San Francisco awoke cured of its madness, at the cost of some thousand dollars.

My Bohemian wanderings were confined to the limits of the city for the very good reason that there was little elsewhere to go. San Francisco was then bounded on one side by the monotonously restless waters of the bay and on the other by a stretch of equally restless and monotonously shifting sand dunes as far as the Pacific shore. Two roads penetrated this waste: one to Lone Mountain—the cemetery; the other to the Cliff House—happily described as "an eight-mile drive with a cocktail at the end of it." Nor was the humor entirely confined to this felicitous description. The Cliff House itself, half restaurant, half drinking saloon, fronting the ocean and the Seal Rock where disporting seals were the chief object of interest, had its own peculiar symbol. The decanters, wine-glasses and tumblers at the bar were all engraved in the old English script, with the legal initials "L. S." (*Locus Sigilli*)—"the place of the seal."

On the other hand, Lone Mountain, a dreary promontory giving upon the Golden Gate and its striking sunsets, had little to soften its weird suggestiveness. As the common goal of the successful and unsuccessful, the carved and lettered shaft of the man who had made a name, and the staring blank headboard of the man who had none, climbed the sandy slopes together. I have seen the funerals of the respectable citizen who had died peacefully in his bed, and the notorious desperado who had died "with his boots on," followed by an equally impressive cortège of sorrowing friends, and often the selfsame priest. But more awful than its barren loneliness was the utter absence of peacefulness and rest in this dismal promontory. By some wicked irony of its situation and climate it was the personification of unrest and change. The incessant trade winds carried its loose sands hither and thither, uncovering the decaying coffins of early pioneers, to bury the wreaths and flowers, laid on a grave of to-day, under their obliterating waves. No tree to shade them from the glaring sky above could live in those winds, no turf would lie there to resist the encroaching sand below. The dead were harried and hustled even in their graves by the persistent sun, the unremitting wind and the unceasing sea. The departing mourner saw the contour of the very mountain itself change with the shifting dunes as he passed, and his last look beyond rested on the hurrying, eager waves forever hastening to the Golden Gate.

If I were asked to say what one thing impressed me as the dominant and characteristic note of San Francisco, I should say it was this untiring presence of sun and wind and sea. They typified, even if they were not, as I sometimes fancied, the actual incentive to the fierce, restless life of the city. I could not think of San Francisco without the trade winds; I could not imagine its strange, incongruous multigenerous procession marching to any other music. They were always there in my youthful recollections; they were there in my more youthful dreams of the past as the mysterious *vientes generales* that blew the Philippine galleons home.

For six months they blew from the northwest, for six months from the southwest with unvarying persistency. They were there every morning, glittering in the equally persistent sunlight to chase the San Franciscan from his slumber; they were there at midday to stir his pulses with their beat; they were there again at night to hurry him through the bleak and flaring gas-lit streets to bed. They left their mark on every windward street or fence or gable on the outlying sand dunes; they lashed the slow coaster home, and hurried them to sea again; they whipped the bay into turbulence on their way to Contra Costa, whose level shoreland oaks they had trimmed to windward as cleanly and sharply as with a pruning-shears. Untiring themselves they allowed no laggards; they drove the San Franciscan from the wall against which he would have leaned, from the scant shade in which at noontide he might have rested. They turned his smallest fires into conflagrations, and kept him ever alert, watchful and eager. In return, they scavenged his city and held it clean and wholesome; in summer they brought him the soft sea fog for a few hours to soothe his abraded surfaces; in winter they brought the rains and dashed the whole coast line with flowers, and the staring sky above it with soft, unwonted clouds. They were always there—strong, vigilant, relentless, material, unyielding, triumphant.

The FIRESHIP
By George Gibbs

AMONG the young officers of Commodore Preble's squadron before Tripoli there was a tall, dark, melancholy looking fellow of about twenty-five. His name was Richard Somers, and his command was the Nautilus, a little schooner of twelve guns and a hundred men. He had been, with Decatur and Stewart, a junior officer on Commodore Barry's United States in one of the wars in the last century, and the friendship formed in those early days had been cemented by a score of thrilling adventures.

The difference in their temperaments was marked. Decatur was bold, domineering and impetuous. Somers was quiet, mild, and ever avoided the quarrel which Decatur too often sought. But under the quiet exterior men had found a will like iron and the willingness to dare and do anything that came within the province of his profession.

In the old days on the United States there happened an affair which immediately established his reputation as an officer and a man. At first he was not understood. His brother midshipmen, mistaking the reserve of his manner for weakness, did not hesitate, before they had been aboard with him a month, to take advantage of him in the steerage

—SOMERS SAID QUIETLY, "I ASK FOR NO FUSE AT ALL"

[illegible] in every possible way. Somers stood it for a while in silence. As the weeks went by and the bantering continued, Somers became more and more quiet and self contained.

Decatur, ever humorous and mischief-making, had himself been one of the worst to chaff his comrade, but he knew what Somers' silence meant, and he desisted.

Somers went about his duties quietly, never giving a sign that there was anything upon his mind until the day before coming into port. Then he went to Decatur and said:

"Stephen, to-morrow I want you to go ashore with me, for I am going to meet three men."

The next afternoon a cutter containing Somers, Decatur and three midshipmen with their seconds went ashore and found a secluded spot upon the beach where they would be free from interference. Somers had challenged all three to fight, and was to take them in succession.

In the first two duels Somers received two shots in the body. The latter caused him to sink upon the sand, as though dangerously hurt; but he rallied quickly and, seeing that the third midshipman was standing waiting to see if the battle could be continued, tried to struggle to his feet. He found he could not get up, and Decatur offered to take his place and receive the fire of the third midshipman. But Somers, though suffering greatly, was not to be deterred, and bade Decatur prop him up in a sitting posture, in which position he exchanged shots with the third man. Fortunately none of the injuries resulted fatally, and in a few weeks Somers was on deck again. He went about his duties as before, but never after that did they call him a milksop.

It was Somers who led one division of the gunboats to attack the Tripolitan fleet while Decatur was leading the other. Finding that he could not reach them by the eastern entrance, he sailed into the northern entrance of the harbor, and, single-handed, boldly sent his little vessel into the midst of five of the enemy. His gunboat was smaller than any one of those of his adversaries, but so well was his long gun served and so true was the fire of his musketry that not one of them succeeded in getting alongside of him to board.

They were all bearing straight down upon the rocks, and Somers could not spare enough men from the guns to man his sweeps. But Preble, on the Constitution, saw his danger and, coming up in time, sent a broadside of grape among the pirates, who got out their sweeps and retreated when one united attack would have made the victory theirs.

As they drew off, instead of returning to the Constitution, as Preble wished, Somers pursued them until within less than a cable's length of a twelve-gun battery, which had not fired before for fear of damaging the fleeing Tripolitans. When she opened fire at this close range the destruction of Somers' valiant little vessel seemed inevitable; but by a lucky chance a bombard exploded in the battery, blew up the platform, and drove the Tripolitans to cover.

While these many attacks were being made upon the gunboats and batteries, the Intrepid, in which Decatur had recaptured and destroyed the Philadelphia, was being rapidly prepared as a fireship. The plan was to load her with a hundred barrels of powder in bulk, with bags of grape and solid shot, and, under cover of the night, explode her in the midst of the Tripolitan war vessels. Somers, who had been frequently in the harbor of Tripoli, and knew its reefs and rocks so well that he could readily thread his way through the narrow channels, asked for the command.

It was an honor that half a dozen other men sought and not until the old Commodore had weighed the chances fully did he at last agree to let Somers go. Before consenting, Preble repeatedly warned the young officer of the desperate character of the work, and told him that on account of the Napoleonic wars the Tripolitans were short of ammunition, and that so much powder must not fall into the hands of the enemy. But Somers needed no warning. A day or two afterward, when the preparations were nearly completed, Preble and some other officers were trying a fuse in the cabin of the Constitution; one of the officers, watch in hand, ventured the opinion that it burned too long, and might enable the enemy to put it out before it exploded the magazine. Hearing this, Somers said quietly:

"I ask for no fuse at all."

When volunteers were called for, the desperate nature of the enterprise was fully explained, but the crew of the Nautilus, Somers' own vessel, stepped forward to a man. Midshipman Henry Wadsworth (an uncle of the poet Longfellow) was chosen as second in command. Midshipman Joseph Israel, having vainly pleaded with Somers to be allowed to go, at the last moment smuggled himself aboard the Intrepid, and, when discovered, Somers had not the heart to send him back.

As soon as the night fell the Intrepid cast off her lines and went slowly up toward the harbor. The Argus, Vixen and the Nautilus followed her, and shortly afterward Stewart, on the Siren, became so anxious that he followed, too. A haze that had come up when the sun went down hung heavily over the water, and soon the lines of the fireship became a mere gray blur against the dark coast line beyond.

Midshipman Ridgley, on the Nautilus, by the aid of a powerful night-glass aloft, managed to follow her until she got well within the harbor, and then she vanished. The suspense soon became almost unbearable, for not a shot had been fired, and not a sound came from the direction in which she had gone. About nine o'clock a half dozen cannon shots could be plainly heard, and even the knowledge that she had been discovered and was being fired on was a relief from the awful silence. About ten o'clock Stewart was standing at the gangway of the Siren with Lieutenant Carrol, when the latter, craning his neck out into the night, suddenly exclaimed, "Look! See the light!"

Away up the harbor Stewart saw a speck of light, as if from a lantern which moved rapidly as though it were being carried by some one running along a deck. Then it paused and disappeared from view. In a second a tremendous flame shot up hundreds of feet into the air, and the glare of it was so intense that it seemed close aboard. The flash and shock were so stupendous that the guardships, though far out to sea, trembled and shivered.

That was all. The officers and the men looked at one another in mute horror. Could anything have lived in the area of that dreadful explosion? The tension upon the men of the little fleet was almost at the breaking point.

The vessels beat to and fro between the harbor entrances firing rockets and guns for the guidance of possible fugitives. All night the fleet kept vigil, but not a shot, a voice or even a splash came out from the harbor.

With the first streaks of dawn the Americans were aloft with their glasses. On the rocks at the northern entrance through which the Intrepid had passed they saw a mast and fragments of vessels. One of the enemy's largest gunboats had disappeared, and two others were so badly shattered that they lay upon the shore for repairs.

The details of the occurrence were never actually known, but it is thought that Somers, being laid aboard by three gunboats before actually in the midst of the shipping, and feeling himself overpowered, fired his magazine and destroyed himself and his own men in his avowed purpose not to be taken by the enemy.

Thus died Richard Somers, Henry Wadsworth, the Midshipman, Joseph Israel, and ten American seamen, whose names have been inscribed on the Navy's roll of fame.

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Judging a Flock by the Black Sheep

WE ARE all prone to judge of a movement by the character of certain individuals identified with it. If we believe in the person, the movement is good; if we distrust him, it is bad. The church is good or bad as we esteem or distrust one of its members. A Sunday-school Superintendent falls. At once the church is held responsible and suffers a loss of respect and confidence. A walking delegate makes a mistake or selfishly uses his power for his own ends; and the labor organization stands condemned in the eyes of the critic. A handful of selfish and corrupt politicians secure control of the party machinery, and at once the whole party is regarded as corrupt and selfish. How often do we find a family enjoying an unpleasant notoriety and reputation because of one black sheep in its fold?

We must not forget that "to err is human"; that there are exceptions to all rules; that the same bush which brings forth the rose brings forth the thorn. It is unfair and unjust to judge a body by a single member. It is the same as arguing from a particular premise to a general conclusion. It is false logic. Is the Revolutionary Army to be judged by Benedict Arnold, or by the hundreds of thousands of brave men unnamed and unsung who patiently and heroically fought and suffered at Lexington, at Valley Forge, at Yorktown? Are we to know the Christian Church by the weak, fallen elder and Sunday-school Superintendent, or by the millions of sincere and faithful adherents who love God and strive to obey His commandments? These questions answer themselves.

There is, however, a reciprocal view: the greater includes the less. We are able to know the greater through the lesser, and it is but natural to judge of a movement or an organization by the individuals composing it. This fact lays a heavy responsibility upon every person identified with a movement. Are you a Christian? Then remember that some, in fact many, will judge Christianity by you. Are you a partisan? Then remember that your party will be in all likelihood judged by you. You are a representative, and the body you are identified with gains or suffers as you act wisely or unwisely. "By their fruits ye shall know them." By their members we know and judge organizations.

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

No really good politician is absolutely sure of any election until the votes are counted.

The Poet and the Poet Laureate

AS A RULE, the Englishman demands the worth of his money, and they are very unhappy until they get it. There is no more impressive spectacle in the world than the Britisher who has arrived at a realization of robbery. The fall of the Roman Empire or the eruption of Vesuvius is a dime show in comparison with it. When this Britisher suspects extortion he can rise to a point of grandeur; he storms like a brigade of heroes, and the neighborhood quakes; but when he has to admit defeat he is as a monarch dethroned.

In many respects he is the biggest national figure, and he naturally wants big things—big dinners, big functions, big navies, big armies, big victories, big poems, for after all is said and done a really great poem that celebrates a historical event is about the greatest thing that mankind can offer to immortality; it is the greatest greatness built on a great deed. How many to-day would recall the charge of the Light Brigade—magnificently heroic as it was—if Tennyson had not written his undying lines? The British nation has not retrograded; the British people are not less brave or less noble; they have done some wonderful things since the Six Hundred stormed the hills at Balaklava.

In the line of leadership, England instituted the office of Poet Laureate. It was an evolution of the court singer. At first this gentleman received the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars a year. Then Chaucer held the post for an allowance of wine—judging from his spelling he must have written his poems after absorbing his income—and then, as the office went on, the pay was increased to five hundred dollars a year and an annual tierce of Canary wine from the Royal cellars. However large or small this may be, it is quite certain that Mr. Alfred Austin, who was put into the place because he was a good Tory, is not earning his salary. It may be because it is not the same kind of wine that Tennyson drank. They may have changed the cask on him, giving him an inferior article. At any rate, the British taxpayers do not appear to be getting the worth of their money. It does not seem to be exactly right that a young gentleman from India—one Kipling—has to do all the heroic versifying for the nation without a salary, or even a glass of the stimulant. Yet that is the fact. He is writing more than his share of the English poetry that gains the world's attention. It is true his verses do not always wear Court dress, but as songs that delight the people's souls and exalt the people's pride they have undoubtedly succeeded.

This is not all. Not only does Mr. Kipling get no pay for this service, but where money is given for his patriotic work he turns it over to patriotic uses. For instance, when he wrote those swinging verses about the private soldiers, calling on the people to support their families while they were fighting for the flag, the thousand and odd dollars which the papers paid him were at once turned over to those for whom he plead, and then other dollars followed swiftly from the public until they have passed the hundred thousand mark.

It does not seem exactly right for Poet Austin to be failing in his efforts and drawing the wine and the stipend while Poet Kipling is doing the real work. Still, the people do not complain, and as Poet Kipling is not in want of the necessities of life, and as his copyrights are yielding more than a Prime Minister's salary, it is quite certain that he will not complain either. Of course there are those who would like to see him the Poet Laureate—but fancy Mulvaney drinking Canary wine!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Luck is when a man wins a two-dollar prize and spends ten dollars celebrating it.

A Plan to Abolish the Kitchen

THERE are few finer sights in Philadelphia than a great stretch of two-story houses erected by building associations for working-people. But there are also few more striking evidences of poor economy than the erection of a kitchen in the rear of each of these small houses wherein the mistress spoils her good looks, her health and her temper; nor is this the only bad economy about the arrangement. Through our unscientific methods of obtaining heat from coal much more than half the heat is wasted, and by the method of buying supplies in the small fragments needed for each family, the cost is made necessarily very high.

In the two chief cities of Norway, Christiana and Bergen, these difficulties have been entirely overcome. Cooperative kitchens furnish food so good and so cheap that no workman can afford to have cooking done at home. He could as well afford to have his clothes spun and woven at home. At the same time the Norwegians have devised a plan for carrying food to any required distance without loss of heat. Even in Paris the workman has what is called a "Norwegian kitchen," consisting of two thicknesses of tin with felt between. In the inner one his soup is brought to the boiling point in the morning, and it goes on cooking until he takes it out at dinner-time.

Not only the economy of cooking, but the method as well, is capable of great improvement. Science has busied itself with many matters of far less importance to the race than this of converting the ordinary substances of our food into food at once palatable and wholesome. And science is not likely to do much for us so long as the matter is in the hands of women cooks, who naturally look at the problem from the personal side, seeking to please our palates much more than is good for our stomachs.

Bishop Spaulding says he meets every demand for woman suffrage with the retort that women are responsible for the prevalence of dyspepsia among mankind, and thus prove their lack of practical intelligence. But may not this be because we have set them to an employment for which they have no natural fitness? Nor is the tradition that cooks shall be women a venerable or well established one. On the Egyptian monuments all the cooks are men. In Biblical times women made bread, but did no cooking, that being reserved to the men (Genesis xviii, 6, 7). Even the dish-washing seems to have been claimed as man's prerogative, for a prophet, quoted in the book of Kings, says: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." And the perfect woman of the book of Proverbs is not described as a cook.

The best modern usage confirms this view of unfitness of women for the kitchen. When a great undertaking in cookery is on hand, as for an army, or a palace, or a big hotel, nobody thinks of calling upon a woman to do it. A man is always taken. For one woman who has made a name for cooking there have been ten men, from Apicius to Soyer. It is only because we have not given the subject thought that we think of cook as a feminine noun.

Cookery must leave the house, as other trades have left it, that the home-maker and house-mistress may be free to do her proper work in it. Once it was crowded with spinning, weaving, chandlering, laundering, and what not, all of which is of the past, or is becoming so. Cookery is the last to go, but go it must, that woman may have the chance to set herself to finer tasks, which call for her tact, her sympathy, her appreciation of the finer shades of existence. She must cease to be cook or boss of the cook, that she may be wife and mother to better purpose.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON

To have a good servant there must be a good mistress.

The Cross-Cut Path to Riches

THAT a "rolling stone gathers no moss" has been clearly exemplified by the great majority of those who, within the past year, have returned from the Klondike gold-fields. The tales of riches gained in one day by a few fortunate prospectors and circulated far and wide by the industrious agents of transportation companies fired thousands with the feverish desire to win sudden wealth in the rigorous clime.

Of the fearful hardships and sufferings endured by these brave seekers for gold the reading world is perfectly familiar, yet little publicity has been given the hundreds who have come back almost penniless, nearly all broken in health, and many of them physical wrecks. The clerk who resigned a good position and joined in the mad race for riches discovered that indoor occupation was preferable to frozen limbs and starvation, that his soft muscles were unable to withstand the strain of unremitting toil in search of hidden treasure, and worn and crestfallen he returned to civilization to beg for work. The man who mortgaged his little farm that he might go to the region of wealth found instead of shining millions only privation and misery awaiting him, and he, too, came home to his disappointed family with an empty purse and a faltering step. To one who achieved success thousands failed, and of this one alone the world heard. All that remained to the many was to acknowledge defeat and begin anew.

There is a certain fascination to every energetic young man in perilous journeys through unknown lands where a single stroke of the pick may reveal a great heap of yellow nuggets. With dreams of sudden fortune his imagination is stirred, and to withstand the temptation of risking all he has hitherto gained and joining the mighty army of prospectors requires no small degree of will-power. He considers the few dollars he manages to lay aside each month from his salary of slight consequence when compared with those barrels of gold of which he has read. Thus he is often lured into the short road to wealth only to be deceived.

Though all admire the ambitious spirit and the high courage that prompt him to brave the dangers of the far North—that realm of buried hopes—the chance of success is so slight and the probability of losing his health, or even his life, is so great that it seems by far the surest and safest way to wealth lies in close application to legitimate business pursuits and rational economy. Little is to be gained by seeking fairer fields. To remain at home and be content with one's lot may not in every instance prove the profitable course, yet it nearly always brings the most happiness.

The poor young man of fixed purpose, of good habits, content to bide his time, who endeavors to please his employer and who is fairly economical, almost invariably finds himself at the prime of life in a prosperous condition. He has, it is true, followed the long way around, a way devoid of all the allurements of sensation, yet which at last proves the surest and nearest highway to prosperity. What seems the short road to riches usually ends in poverty, and the one who has the courage to remain steadfast and rely upon thrift and industry is almost sure to achieve financial success.

—HERBERT BASHFORD

Sham courtesy is the most transparent of all humbugs.

The Age of the Fighters

ALL the British Generals now in South Africa are over fifty years of age, with the possible exception of General Kitchener, who is near the half-century mark. General Roberts is sixty-seven, General Buller is sixty-one, General Gatacre is fifty-seven, and General Methuen is fifty-five. Though nothing can be said against the brilliant records of these fighters, their age is being mentioned as a handicap, especially in the way of the vigor and the science of the war.

Therefore parallels are being drawn—George Washington Commander-in-Chief at forty-three; Grant forty-three when the war closed; Sheridan successful at thirty-four; Lee only fifty-eight at Appomattox; Longstreet only forty-four; Stewart only thirty-one when killed; Napoleon forty at the height of his power; Cæsar victorious at forty-eight; Hannibal at the zenith of his success at thirty-one; and Alexander the Great dead at thirty-two.

But it could just as easily be shown that some of the best work on the battle field has been done by men beyond fifty. For instance, what is the matter with General Joseph Wheeler, who climbed the tree at Santiago, and who is spending a part of his sixty-fourth year fighting in the Philippines?

—WEBSTER WALLACE.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" *That are Making HISTORY*

The War Correspondent of the Century

One day more than thirty years ago, when the German and French armies were drawn up for battle and the nearer troops were popping away, a young man strolled between the firing lines and stood there gazing through his field glass as calmly as though he were sitting in an opera box. He did this sort of thing regularly.

When Paris was in the hands of the Commune he was there mingling with the excitement. One day, hearing firing, he hurried forward. Suddenly he found himself inside a most extraordinary triangle of barricades. The officer noticed the young Englishman and commanded him to pick up the musket of a man who had just been killed. He replied that he was a foreigner and a neutral and would not do it. The officer gave him the alternative of taking the gun or being shot. The young man laughed. But a firing party was told off, and he was stood up against a church wall, and they were cheerfully proceeding to end his life when the forces from another barricade rushed upon them. He was condemned to be shot by his new captors, and again he laughed and again he escaped

A couple of years later he was in the midst of the fever and famine of India, and after that he was in the Carlist War in Spain, first with one army and then with another. In a few months he was in Servia, and in the battles of that war he was a conspicuous observer. Then attached to the Russian Army he crossed the Danube, followed the campaign, saw the fighting at Shipka Pass and was at Plevna

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ARCHIBALD FORBES

He realized the Russians could hold their position and his next thought was the telegraph office. The nearest one was one hundred and eighty miles away at Bucharest One bite of black bread was all he ate in twenty-four hours. He wore out horse after horse. This ride ended in the greatest newspaper special known in the history of journalism. The great White Czar of Russia afterward sent for him, and said: "I have had reported to me the example which you showed with our forces on the day before Plevna by succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the State, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, offering you the Order of the Stanislaus 'with the crossed swords'—a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery."

In all parts of the world where there was war or promise of war this placid, cheerful and gifted young man was generally found. He went with the British force to Jelalabad, and under a close and heavy fire he saved a wounded soldier's life and the official dispatches gave him special mention for his services. In Zululand he was the first to see the certain result of the battle of Ulundi, and although it was dark he started through the trackless forest and made his way through one hundred and twenty miles of that unmarked wilderness to a telegraph wire at Landsmann's Drift, and from there he wired to the world the result of the fight days ahead of the official intelligence, his dispatches being read in both Houses of Parliament amidst enthusiastic acclamation. This was Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent

Men Who Risked Life for the News

Dr. William Howard Russell, the great correspondent of the London Times, went through a half-dozen wars, and fought in the first rank of the party that drove out the Sepoys from the front at Lucknow. His pictures of the Crimea carried Florence Nightingale and her heroines to that place

A few years ago the State of Ohio, by vote of its Legislature, brought the remains of J. B. MacGahan from their foreign resting place to his native soil. He became a correspondent while completing his collegiate studies in Europe His ride of six hundred miles pursued by a band of Cossacks across Russia was one of the most noted incidents of the century. He reached Khiva and told the story of Russia's first step toward India. His accounts of the atrocities in Bulgaria upset Disraeli's ministry.

Fred Burnaby rode through Asia Minor and Afghanistan with his life in his hands, was the first man to mount the parapet at El Teb; and killed two of his assailants after receiving his death wound in the Soudan, where three other correspondents lost their lives.

The man who stood by Dewey in the battle of Manila was Mr Joseph L. Stickney, of the New York Herald Close to Schley in the destruction of Cervera's fleet was Mr. Graham, of the Associated Press. On the road to Santiago Mr Creelman and Mr. Marshall were wounded, and Colonel Roosevelt publicly expressed his obligations for assistance received from Richard Harding Davis on the firing line.

Methods of Communication in War Times

The censorship in South Africa is very annoying In the first place, for every correspondent who was sent there were hundreds who wanted to go. In the second place, the few who did go bound themselves to the most rigid adherence to the War Department's rules. Leading from South Africa are several cables, but over these the Government exercises absolute control. As soon as the Boers began to hold their own the British, as a war measure, instituted a censorship of dispatches which is the strictest in the history of journalism. Their fear was that the news of the Boer victories would lead the Dutch in other colonies to rise in favor of their kinsmen. Thus it made little difference even if the correspondent had in his possession the most vital facts; he could not get it to the world. For instance, Mr. Julian Ralph, well known to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is with the army, traveling with the privileges and appurtenances of a Lieutenant, and probably enjoying life as much as a man can under the circumstances, but when he marches to the cable office with his batch of facts he is as coolly repulsed as if he were the humblest private. So with slight exceptions our news from South Africa is from the official sources of both sides

One interesting thing in that section of the country is a variety of methods in communication. The carrier pigeon is the most useful. Had it not been for these fleet messengers of the air we should not know the news from Ladysmith. Back of these services are years of training. While the Boers control everything leading out of that city, they cannot reach the birds that sail in the air and make their way straight to Durban, from which place news is cabled to the world

Another method employed is the heliograph. The working of this is very familiar; it is simply the use of the telegraph code in flashes of sunlight over miles of country. There is a third method which is almost as mysterious as it is interesting In Africa they have the native runners, and the way they communicate is by shouting from hill to hill. An extraordinary statement is made that in this manner they can send information hundreds of miles a day It is further asserted that in the battle of Glencoe this shouting and running by the natives beat the telegraph several hours.

France has in training almost three hundred thousand pigeons, and other Governments have tens and hundreds of thousands In the United States we have posts at different points, and Great Britain has pigeons both for the Army and the Navy. In this war the pigeons have been of far more service than any other of the old time methods of communication. The balloon was a failure at Santiago, and it has not done very much in South Africa.

The cost of reporting the war can be estimated from the fact that in our war with Spain one of the biggest news associations ended the conflict more than a quarter million dollars in debt. It would not be a great exaggeration to say that upon the war the newspapers spent for their special services and special dispatches several millions of dollars, and in many instances the most elaborate plans costing thousands of dollars yielded nothing whatever. The papers are spending fortunes in South Africa and are getting scarcely anything for their money. At the same time, their expenditures are nothing like as prodigal as were those of the American newspapers in the recent war. It has been stated with some show of pride that one of the English newspapers paid $2000 for a single dispatch, but a certain single dispatch to an American newspaper cost over $18,000

Winston Spencer Churchill's Brilliant Work

The one correspondent in South Africa who has interested the world and made a distinguished reputation is Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother is Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. Although a Lieutenant in the British Army, Churchill went to South Africa as correspondent of the London Morning Post, which is one of the aristocratic newspapers. He accompanied two detachments of troops on an armored train in an attempt to get from Estcourt to Ladysmith, but four miles south of Colenso the train was derailed and the Englishmen were captured. The war correspondent is supposed to be a noncombatant, but Churchill took full part in the scrimmage, and one correspondent -a rival, by the way—wrote this sentence: "Churchill behaved magnificently during the train disaster and deserves the V. C."

His capture by the Boers, his imprisonment and his dramatic escape are familiar history to all the readers of recent dispatches. With the push of the American and with the persistency of the English mingling in his blood he seems to be somewhat of a model for an end of the-century hero. And admiration for his courage and gratitude for his work probably led the press censor to be merciful for a few hours, and to allow his dispatches to go to his London newspaper, even if they did attend a sarcastic reference to the Queen's Christmas gift of chocolate for the troops who are fighting for her Kingdom

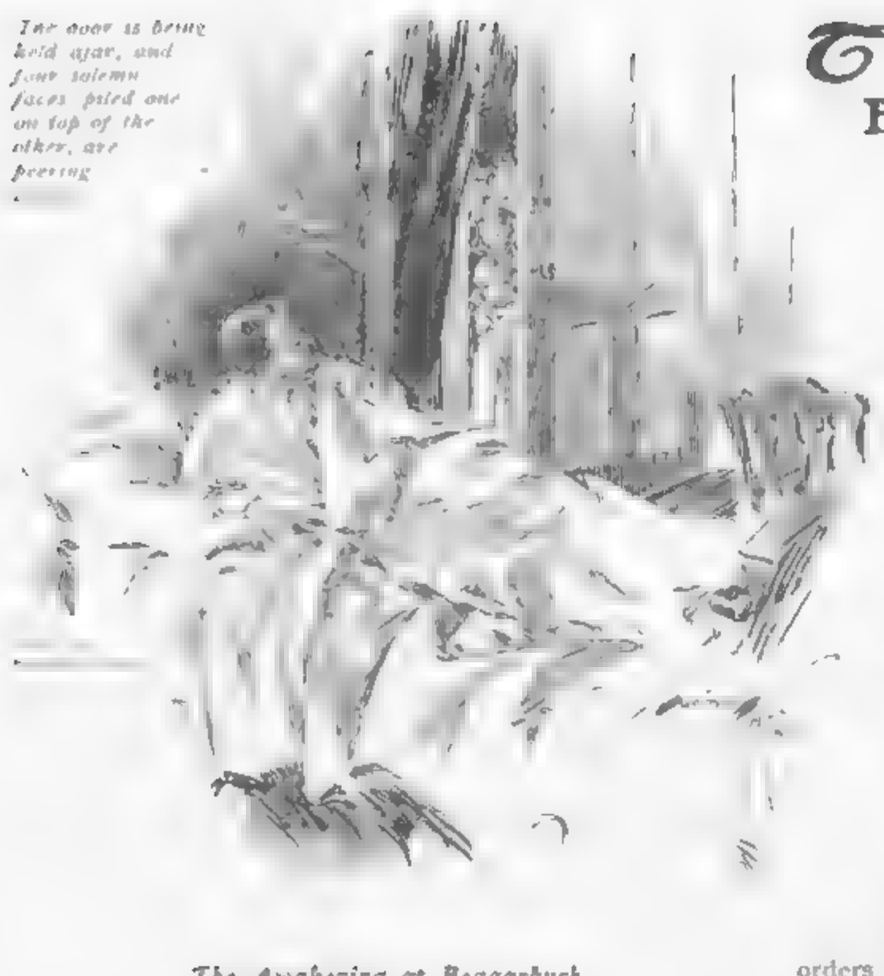
An Interesting Bit of History

There are some entertaining parallels of the history of journalism. For instance, the first newspaper in France was published in 1631 by Theophraste Renaudot under the patronage of Richelieu, and his best contributor was Louis XIII. Even when on tours the King sent his contributions to the Gazette—truly a royal correspondent. This Gazette appears to this day, and there are over three hundred volumes of it in the Paris Library. Just one hundred years later the Pennsylvania Gazette, now THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, began its existence, and the difference between that paper and its namesake in France represents largely the difference between French and American journalism, for Franklin absolutely declined to circulate through his pages any attacks, personal paragraphs, or scandals

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

ly for any one, while Renaudot made a specialty of that class of matter supplied by his distinguished contributors JuliusCæsar would have made an admirable war correspondent, so clear and informing are his descriptions of movements and battles. It is generally forgotten that George Washington was the first great commander to suggest that newspapers send regular correspondents to the armies. His view was that the news of the work of the troops would do much to satisfy the natural curiosity and encourage the loyalty of the people, but when the modern correspondents grew to legions the convictions of some other commanders did not coincide with that of the father of the country, and General Sherman used to declare that every one of them ought to be shot. Still, when peace came and he sat with them at the banquet board he expressed his feeling of satisfaction that he had never carried his war time sentiments to their extreme.

The war correspondent deserves well of his age and of the world. He is the servitor of the public, without the excitement of fighting which helps the heroism of the soldier in the midst of danger. His importance was recognized by the Peace Conference at The Hague, and in the Nineteenth Article of the Regulations it is declared that correspondents and reporters "who fall into the enemy's hands, and whom the latter think fit to detain have a right to be treated as prisoners of war, provided they can produce a certificate from the military authorities they were accompanying "



The door is being held ajar, and four solemn faces, piled one on top of the other, are peering

The Awakening at Beggarbush

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: The three men—George, Harris and the narrator—have planned a tour awheel through the Black Forest. The machines are a tandem and a safety, and the start is to be bright and early Wednesday morning.

GEORGE came down on Tuesday evening and slept at Harris' place. We thought this a better arrangement than his own suggestion, which was that we should call for him on our way and "pick him up." Picking George up in the morning means picking him out of bed to begin with, and shaking him awake—in itself an exhausting effort with which to commence the day; helping him find his things and finish his packing, and then waiting for him while he eats his breakfast, a tedious entertainment from the spectator's point of view, full of wearisome repetition.

I knew that if he slept at "Beggarbush" he would be up in time. I have slept there myself, and I know what happens. About the middle of the night, as you judge, though in reality it may be somewhat later, you are startled out of your first sleep by what sounds like a rush of cavalry along the passage just outside the door. Your half-awakened intelligence fluctuates between burglars, the Day of Judgment and a gas explosion. You sit up in bed and listen intently. You are not kept waiting long; the next moment a door is violently slammed, and somebody or something is evidently coming downstairs on a tea-tray.

"I told you so," says a voice, and immediately some hard substance, a head one would say from the ring of it, rebounds against the panel of your door.

By this time you are charging madly around the room for your clothes. Nothing is where you put it overnight; the articles most essential have disappeared entirely; and meanwhile the murder, or revolution, or whatever it is, continues unchecked. You pause for a moment with your head under the wardrobe, where you think you can see your slippers, to listen to a steady, monotonous thumping upon a distant door. The victim, you presume, has taken refuge there. They mean to have him out and finish him. Will you be in time? The knocking ceases, and a voice, sweetly reassuring in its gentle plaintiveness, asks meekly:

"Pa, may I get up?"

You do not hear the other voice, but the responses are:

"No, it was only the bath. No, she ain't really hurt, only wet, you know. Yes, ma, I'll tell 'em what you say. No, it was a pure accident. Yes; good night, papa."

Then the same voice, exerting itself so as to be heard afar, remarks:

"We've all got to go upstairs again. Pa says it isn't time yet to get up."

You return to bed and lie listening to somebody's being dragged upstairs, evidently against their will. By a thoughtful arrangement, the spare rooms at "Beggarbush" are exactly underneath the nurseries. The same somebody, you conclude, still offering strenuous opposition, is being put back into bed. You can follow the contest with much exactitude, because every time the body is flung down upon the spring mattress, the bedstead, just above your head, makes a sort of jump; while every time the body succeeds in struggling out again you are made aware by the thud upon the floor. After a time the struggle wanes, or maybe the bed collapses, and you drift back into sleep. But the next moment, or what seems to be the next moment, you again open your eyes under the consciousness of a presence. The door is being held ajar, and four solemn faces, piled one on top of the other, are peering at you, as though you were some natural curiosity kept in this particular room. Seeing you awake, the top face, walking calmly over the other three, comes in and sits on the bed in a friendly attitude.

"Oh," it says, "we didn't know you were awake. I've been awake some time."

"So I gather," you reply shortly.

"Pa doesn't like us to get up too early," it continues; "he says everybody else in the house is liable to be disturbed if we get up. So of course we mustn't."

The tone is that of gentle resignation. It is instinct with the spirit of virtuous pride, arising from the consciousness of self-sacrifice.

"Don't you call this being up?" you suggest.

"Oh, no; we're not really up, you know, because we're not properly dressed." The fact is self-evident. "Pa's always very tired in the morning," the voice continues; "of course, that's because he works hard all day. Are you ever tired in the [illegible]."

At this point he turns and notices for the first time that the three other children have also entered and are sitting in a semicircle on the floor. From their attitude it is clear they have mistaken the whole thing for one of the slower forms of entertainment, some comic lecture or conjuring exhibition, and are waiting patiently for you to get out of bed and do something. It shocks him, the idea of their being in the guest's bedchamber. He peremptorily orders them out. They do not answer him; they do not argue; in dead silence and with one accord they fall upon him. All you can see from the bed is a confused tangle of waving arms and legs suggestive of an intoxicated octopus trying to find bottom. Not a word is spoken; that seems to be the etiquette of the thing. If you are sleeping in your pajamas you spring from the bed and only add to the confusion; if you are wearing a less dignified garment you stay where you are and shout commands, which are utterly unheeded. The simplest plan is to leave it to the eldest boy. He does get them out after a while and closes the door upon them. It reopens immediately, and one, generally Muriel, is shot back into the room. She enters as from a catapult. She is handicapped by having long hair, which can be used as a convenient handle. Evidently aware of this natural disadvantage, she clutches it herself tightly in one hand and punches with the other. He opens the door again and cleverly uses her as a battering-ram against the wall of those without. You can hear the dull crash as her head enters among them and scatters them. When the victory is complete he comes back and resumes his seat on the bed. There is no bitterness about him; he has forgotten the whole incident.

"I like the mornings," he says; "don't you?"

"Some mornings," you agree, "are all right; others are not so peaceful."

He takes no notice of your exception; a far-away look steals over his somewhat ethereal face.

"I should like to die in the morning," he says; "everything is so beautiful then."

"Well," you answer, "perhaps you will, if your father ever invites an irritable man to come and sleep here, and doesn't warn him beforehand."

He descends from his contemplative mood and becomes himself. "It's jolly in the garden," he suggests; "you wouldn't like to get up and have a game of cricket, would you?"

It was not the idea with which you went to bed, but now, as things have turned out, it seems as good a plan as lying there hopelessly awake, and you agree.

You learn later in the day that the explanation of the proceeding is that you, unable to sleep, woke up early in the morning and thought you would like a game of cricket. The children, taught to be ever courteous to guests, felt it their duty to humor you. Mrs. Harris remarks at breakfast that at least you might have seen to it that the children were properly dressed before you took them out; while Harris points out to you pathetically how, by your one morning's example and encouragement, you have undone his labor of months.

On this Wednesday morning, George, it seems, clamored to get up at quarter past five, and persuaded them to let him teach them cycling tricks around the cucumber frames on Harris' new wheel. Even Mrs. Harris, however, did not blame George on this occasion; she felt intuitively the idea could not have been entirely his.

It is not that the Harris children have the faintest notion of avoiding blame at the expense of a friend and comrade. One and all, they are honesty itself in accepting responsibility for their own misdeeds. It simply is, that is how the thing presents itself to their understanding. When you explain to them that you had no original intention of getting up at five o'clock in the morning to play cricket on the croquet lawn, or to mimic the history of the early church by shooting with a cross-bow at dolls tied to a tree; that as a matter of fact, left to your own initiative, you would have slept peacefully till roused in Christian fashion with a cup of tea at eight, they are firstly astonished, secondly apologetic, and thirdly sincerely contrite. In the present instance, waiving the purely academic question whether the awakening of George at a little before five was due to natural instinct on his part or to the accidental passing of a home-made boomerang through his bedroom window, the dear children frankly admitted that the blame for his uprising was their own. As the eldest boy said:

"We ought to have remembered Uncle George had a long day before him, and we ought to have dissuaded him from getting up. I blame myself entirely."

But an occasional change of habit does nobody any harm; and besides, as Harris and I agreed, it was good training for George. In the Black Forest we would be up at five every morning; that we had determined on. Indeed, George himself had suggested half-past four, but Harris and I had argued that five would be early enough as an average; that would enable us to be on our machines by six, and to break the back of our journey before the heat of the day set in. Occasionally we might start a little earlier, but not as a habit.

I myself was up that morning at five. This was earlier than I had intended. I had said to myself on going to sleep: "Six o'clock, sharp!"

There are men, I know, who can waken themselves at any time to the minute. They say to themselves, literally, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four thirty." "Four forty-five," or "Five fifteen," as the case may be, and as the clock strikes they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this; the more one dwells upon it the greater the mystery grows. Some Ego within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers "Time!" and we awake. The work of an old riverside fellow I once talked with called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. He told me that never once had he overslept himself by a minute. Latterly he never even troubled to work out the time for himself. He would lie down tired and sleep a dreamless sleep, and each morning at a different hour this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silently call him. Did the man's spirit haunt through the darkness the muddy stairs, or had it knowledge of the ways of Nature? Whatever the process, the man himself was unconscious of it. And yet, to satisfy our craving for mystery, we must needs dress up ghosts in night-shirts, and listen around a three-legged table to spirits spelling nonsense!

In my own case, my inward watchman is, perhaps, somewhat out of practice. He does his best, but he is over-anxious; he worries himself, and loses count. I say to him, maybe: "Five thirty, please," and he wakes me with a start at half-past two. I look at my watch; he suggests that perhaps I forgot to wind it up. I put it to my ear; it is still

At every stroke I made she bleated: "G-o-o-d, g-o-o-o-d, and e-e-e-d!"

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments.

going. He thinks maybe something has happened to it; he is confident himself it is half-past five, if not a little later. To satisfy him, I put on a pair of slippers and go downstairs to inspect the dining-room clock. What happens to a man when he wanders about the house in the middle of the night, clad in a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, there is no need to recount; most men know by experience. Everything, especially everything with a sharp corner, takes a cowardly delight in hitting him. When you are wearing a pair of stout boots things get out of your way; when you venture among furniture in woolwork slippers and no socks it comes at you and kicks you. I return to bed bad-tempered, and refusing to listen to his further absurd suggestion that all the clocks in the house have entered into a conspiracy against me, take half an hour to get to sleep again. From four to five he wakes me every ten minutes. I wish I had never said a word to him about the thing. At five o'clock he goes to sleep himself, worn out and leaves it to the girl, who does it half an hour later than usual.

On this particular Wednesday he worried me to such an extent that I got up at five simply to be rid of him. I did not know what to do with myself. Our train did not leave till ten minutes past eight. All our luggage had been packed and sent on the night before, together with the bicycles, to Fenchurch Street Station. I went into my study; I thought I would put in an hour's writing. The early morning, before one has breakfasted, is not, I take it, a good season for literary effort. I wrote three paragraphs of a story, and then read them over to myself. Some unkind things have been said about my work, but nothing has yet been written which would have done justice to those three paragraphs. I threw them into the waste-paper basket, and sat trying to remember what, if any, charitable institutions provided pensions for decayed authors.

To escape from this train of reflection, I put a golf ball in my pocket, and, selecting a driver, strolled out into the paddock. A couple of sheep were browsing there, and they followed, and took a keen interest in my practice. The one was a kindly, sympathetic old party. I do not think she understood the game; I think it was my doing this innocent thing so early in the morning that appealed to her. At every stroke I made she bleated.

"G-o-o-d, g-o-o-o-d, ind-e-e-e-d!"

She seemed as pleased as if she had done it herself.

As for the other one, she was a cantankerous, disagreeable old thing, as discouraging to me as her friend was helpful.

"Ba-a-a-d, da-a-a-m ba-a-a-d!" was her comment on almost every stroke. As a matter of fact, some were really excellent strokes; but she did it just to be contradictory and for the sake of irritating. I could see that.

By a most regrettable accident, one of my swiftest balls struck the good sheep on the nose. And at that the bad sheep laughed—laughed distinctly and undoubtedly; a husky, vulgar laugh; and while her friend stood glued to the ground too astonished to move, she changed her note for the first time and bleated:

"Go-o-o-d, ve-ery go-o-o-d! Be-e-e-est sho-o-ot he-e-e's ma-a-a-de!"

I would have given half a crown had it been her I had hit instead of the other one. It is ever the good and amiable who suffer in this world.

I had wasted more time than I had intended in the paddock, and when Ethelbertha came to tell me it was half-past seven, and that breakfast was on the table, I remembered that I had not shaved. It vexes Ethelbertha, my shaving quickly. She fears that to outsiders it may suggest a poor-spirited attempt at suicide, and that in consequence it may get about the neighborhood that we are not happy together. As a further argument, she has also hinted that my appearance cannot be trifled with.

On the whole, I was just as glad not to be able to take a long farewell of Ethelbertha. I did not want to risk her breaking down. But I should have liked more opportunity to say a few farewell words of advice to the children, especially as regards my fishing-rod, which they will persist in using for cricket stumps; and I hate having to run for a train. Quarter of a mile from the station I overtook George and Harris; they were also running. In their case—so Harris informed me jerkily, while we trotted side by side—it was the new kitchen stove that was to blame. This was the first morning they had tried it, and from some cause or other it had blown up the kidneys and scalded the cook. He said he hoped that by the time we returned they would have gotten more used to it.

We caught the train by the skin of our teeth, as the saying is; and, reflecting upon the events of the morning as we sat gasping in the carriage, there passed vividly before my mind the panorama of my Uncle Podger, as on two hundred and fifty days in the year he would start from Ealing Common by the nine thirteen train to Moorgate Street.

From my Uncle Podger's house to the railway station was eight minutes' walk. What my uncle always said was,

"Allow yourself a quarter of an hour and take it easily."

What he always did was to start five minutes before the time and run. I do not know why, but this was the custom in that suburb. Many stout city gentlemen lived at Ealing in those days—I believe some live there still—and caught early trains to the city. They all started late; they all carried a black bag and a newspaper in one hand and an umbrella in the other; and for the last quarter of a mile to the station, wet or fine, they all ran.

Folks with nothing else to do, nursemaids, chiefly, and errand boys, with now and then a perambulating costermonger added, would gather on the Common of a fine morning to watch them pass and cheer the most deserving. It was not a showy spectacle. They did not run well; they did not even run fast; but they were earnest, and they did their best. The exhibition appealed less to one's sense of art than to one's admiration for conscientious effort. Occasionally a little harmless betting would take place among the crowd.

—WE WALKED UP TO A HANSOM, RAISED OUR HATS, AND WISHED THE DRIVER GOOD MORNING!"

"Two to one ag'in the old gent in the white weskit!"

"Ten to one on old Blowpipes, bar he don't roll over hisself 'fore 'e gets there."

"Even money on the Purple Hemperor!"—a nickname bestowed by a youth of entomological tastes upon a certain retired military neighbor of my uncle's, a gentleman of imposing appearance when stationary, but apt to color highly under exercise.

My uncle and the others would write to the Ealing Press, complaining bitterly concerning the supineness of the local police; and the editor would add spirited leaders upon the Decay of Courtesy Among the Lower Orders, especially throughout the Western suburbs. But no good ever resulted.

It was not that my uncle did not rise early enough; it was that troubles came to him at the last moment. The first thing he would do after breakfast would be to lose his newspaper. We always knew when Uncle Podger had lost anything by the expression of astonished indignation with which on such occasions he would regard the world in general. It never occurred to my Uncle Podger to say to himself:

"I am a careless old man. I lose everything. I never know where I have put anything. I am quite incapable of finding it again for myself. In this respect I must be a perfect nuisance to everybody about me. I must set to work and reform myself."

On the contrary, by some peculiar course of reasoning he had convinced himself that whenever he lost a thing it was everybody's fault in the house but his own.

"I had it in my hand here not a minute ago!" he would exclaim.

From his tone you might have thought he was living surrounded by conjurors, who spirited things away from him merely to irritate him.

"Could you have left it in the garden?" my aunt would suggest.

"What should I want to leave it in the garden for? I don't want a paper in the garden. I want the paper in the train with me."

"You haven't put it in your pocket?"

"Bless the woman! Do you think I should be standing here at five minutes to nine looking for it if I had it in my pocket all the while? *Do* you think I'm a fool?"

Here somebody would exclaim: "What's this?" and hand him from somewhere a paper neatly folded.

"I do wish people would leave my things alone," he would growl, snatching at it savagely.

He would open his bag to put it in, and then, glancing at it, he would pause, speechless with sense of injury.

"What's the matter?" aunt would ask.

"The day before yesterday's!" he would answer, too hurt even to shout, throwing the paper down upon the table.

If only sometimes it had been yesterday's it would have been a change. But it was always the day before yesterday's, except on Tuesdays; then it would be Saturday's.

We would find it for him eventually—as often as not he had been sitting on it. And then he would smile, not genially, but with the weariness that comes to a man who feels that Fate has cast his lot among a band of hopeless idiots.

"All the time right in front of your noses——!" He would not finish the sentence; he prided himself upon his self control.

This settled, he would start for the hall, where it was the custom of my Aunt Maria to have the children gathered ready to say good by to him.

My aunt never left the house herself if only to make a call next door, without taking a tender farewell of every inmate. One never knew, she would say, what might happen.

One of them, of course, was sure to be missing, and the moment this was noticed all the other six, without an instant's hesitation, would scatter with a whoop to find it.

Immediately they were gone it would turn up by itself from somewhere quite near, always with the most reasonable explanations for its absence, and would at once start off after the others to explain to them that it was found. In this way five minutes at least would be taken up in everybody's looking for everybody else, which was just sufficient time to allow my uncle to find his umbrella and lose his hat. Then, at last, the group reassembled in the hall, the drawing room clock would commence to strike nine. It possessed a cold, penetrating chime that always had the effect of confusing my uncle. In his excitement he would kiss some of the children twice over, pass by others, forget whom he had kissed and whom he hadn't, and have to begin all over again. He used to say he believed they mixed themselves up on purpose, and I am not prepared to maintain that the charge was altogether false. To add to his troubles, one child always had a sticky face, and that child would always be the most affectionate.

If things were going too smoothly, the eldest boy would come out with some tale about all the clocks in the house being five minutes slow, and of his having been late for school the previous day in consequence. This would send my uncle rushing impetuously down to the gate, where he would recollect that he had with him neither his bag nor his umbrella. All the children that my aunt could not stop would charge after him, two of them struggling for the umbrella, the others surging around the bag. And when they returned we would discover on the hall table the most important thing of all that he had forgotten, and wonder what he would say about it when he came home.

We arrived at Waterloo a little after nine and at once proceeded to put George's experiment into operation. Opening the book at the chapter entitled "At the Cab Rank," we walked up to a hansom, raised our hats, and wished the driver "Good morning."

This man was not to be outdone in politeness by any foreigner, real or imitation. Calling to a friend named "Charles" to "hold the steed," he sprang from his box and returned to us a bow that would have done credit to Mr. Turveydrop himself. Speaking apparently in the name of

the nation, he welcomed us to England, adding a regret that Her Majesty was not at the moment in London

We could not reply to him in kind; nothing of this sort had been anticipated by the book. We called him "coachman," at which he again bowed to the pavement, and asked him if he would have the goodness to drive us to the Westminster Bridge Road.

He laid his hand upon his heart and said the pleasure would be his

Taking the third sentence in the chapter, George asked him what his fare would be.

The question, as introducing a sordid element into the conversation, seemed to hurt his feelings. He said he never took money from distinguished strangers; he suggested a souvenir—a diamond scarfpin, a gold snuff-box, some little trifle of that sort by which he could remember us

❧

As a small crowd had collected, and as the joke was drifting rather too far in the cabman's direction, we climbed in without further parley and were driven away amid cheers We stopped the cab at a bootshop, a little beyond Astley's Theatre, that looked the sort of place we wanted. It was one of those overfed shops that the moment their shutters are taken down in the morning disgorge their goods all around them. Boxes of boots stood piled on the pavement or in the gutter opposite. Boots hung in festoons about its doors and windows. Its sun-blind was as some grimy vine, bearing bunches of black and brown boots. Inside, the shop was a bower of boots. The man, [illegible] was busy with a chisel and hammer opening a new crateful of boots

George raised his hat and said "Good-morning"

The man did not even turn around. He struck me from the first as a disagreeable man He grunted something which might have been "Good-morning" or might not, and went on with his work

George said: "I have been recommended to your shop by my friend, Mr. X."

In response the man should have said: "Mr. X. is a most worthy gentleman. It will give me the greatest pleasure to serve any friend of his."

What he did say was: "Don't know him; never heard of him."

❧

This was disconcerting The book gave three or four methods of buying boots George had carefully selected the one centred around "Mr. X." as being of all the most courtly. You talked a good deal with the shopkeeper about this "Mr. X.," and then, when by this means friendship and understanding had been established, you slid naturally and gracefully into the immediate object of your coming, namely, your desire for boots, "cheap but good." This gross, material man cared apparently nothing for the niceties of retail dealing. It was necessary with such a one to come to business with brutal directness George abandoned "Mr. X." and, turning back to a previous page, took a sentence at random. It was not a happy selection: it was a speech that would have been superfluous made to any bootmaker. Under the present circumstances, threatened and stifled as we were on every side by boots, it possessed the dignity of positive imbecility It ran:

"One has told me that you have here boots for sale."

For the first time the man put down his hammer and chisel and looked at us. He spoke slowly, in a thick and husky voice He said

"What d'ye think I keep boots for—to smell 'em?"

He was one of those men that begin quietly and grow more angry as they proceed, their wrongs apparently working within them, yeastlike

"What d'ye think I am," he continued, "a boot collector? What d'ye think I'm running this shop for—my health? D'ye think I love the boots, and can't bear to part with a pair? D'ye think I hang them about here [illegible]? Ain't there enough of 'em? Where d'ye think you are—in an international exhibition of boots? What d'ye think these boots are—a historical collection? Did you ever hear of a man keeping a bootshop and not selling boots? D'ye think I decorate the shop with 'em to make it look pretty? What d'ye take me for—a prize idiot?"

❧

I have always maintained that these conversation books are never of any real use. What we wanted was some English equivalent for the well known German idiom: "*Behalten sie ihr Haar auf.*" Nothing of the sort was to be found in the book from beginning to end. However, I will do George the credit to admit he chose the very best sentence that was to be found therein and applied it. He said:

"I will come again, when, perhaps, you will have some more boots to show me. Till then, adieu!"

With that we returned to our cab and drove away, leaving the man standing in the centre of his boot-decked doorway addressing remarks to us. What he said I did not hear, but the passers-by appeared to find it interesting

George was for stopping at another bootshop and trying the experiment afresh. He said he really did want a pair of bedroom slippers. But we persuaded him to postpone their purchase until our arrival in some foreign city, where the tradespeople are no doubt more inured to this sort of talk, or else more naturally amiable. On the subject of the hat, however, he was adamant. He maintained that without that he could not travel, and accordingly we pulled up at a small shop in the Blackfriar's Road.

❧

The proprietor of this shop was a cheery, bright-eyed little man, and he helped us rather than hindered us. When George asked him in the words of the book, "Have you any hats?" he did not get angry; he just stopped and thoughtfully scratched his chin.

"Hats," said he, "let me think. Yes"—here a smile of positive pleasure broke over his genial countenance—"yes, now I come to think of it, I believe I have a hat. But, tell me, why do you ask me?"

George explained to him that he wished to purchase a cap, a traveling cap, but the essence of the transaction was that it was to be "a good cap."

The man's face fell. "Ah," he remarked, "there I am afraid you have me. Now, if you had wanted a bad cap, not worth the price asked for it; a cap good for nothing but to clean windows with, I could have found you the very thing. But a good cap—no, we don't keep the sort."

"But wait a minute," he continued on seeing the disappointment that spread over George's expressive countenance; "don't be in a hurry. I have a cap here"—he went to a drawer and opened it. "It is not a good cap, but it is not so bad as most of the caps I sell." He brought it forward extended on his palm. "What do you think of that?" he asked; "could you put up with that?"

George fitted it on before the glass, and choosing another remark from the book, said:

"This hat fits me sufficiently well, but tell me, do you consider that it becomes me?"

The man stepped back and took a bird's eye view.

"Candidly," he replied, "I can't say that it does." He turned from George and addressed himself to Harris and myself "Your friend's beauty," said he, "I should describe as elusive. It is there, but you can easily miss it. Now, in that cap, to my thinking, you do miss it

❧

At this point it occurred to George that he had had sufficient fun with this particular man. He said:

"That is all right. We don't want to lose the train. How much?"

Answered the man "The price of that cap, sir, which in my opinion is twice as much as it is worth, is four and six. Would you like it wrapped up in brown paper, sir, or in white?"

George said he would take it as it was, paid the man four and sixpence in silver and went out. Harris and I followed.

At Fenchurch Street we compromised with our cabman for five shillings. He made us another courtly bow, and begged us to remember him to the Emperor of Austria.

Comparing views in the train, we agreed that we had lost the game by two points to one, and George, who was evidently disappointed, threw the book out of the window. We found our luggage and bicycles safe on the boat, and with the tide at twelve dropped down the river.

George explained to him that he wished to purchase a cap

HIS PROPOSAL

By Kate Masterson

SHE knew he loved her by each glance,
Though he'd not spoken;
His hand's quick pressure in the dance,
Each flower and token.
She waited for the story old
As she had read it,
But though his eyes the legend told
He never said it!

He sang to her in verses sweet,
His accents sued her;
He played the banjo at her feet,
In rag-time wooed her;
On smooth yacht decks all golden glow,
Where starlight blended,
'Till she began to think him slow
As well as splendid!

She led him into quiet nooks
On stairs, demurely,
Where lights were low and tender looks
Might pass securely,
And when the band throbbed some deep hymn
Or old song story,
She steered him gently for the dim
Conservatory!

But in a crowded cable car
One rainy morning,
They rode with many a jolt and jar,
The weather scorning,
Till swerving round a curve she leaned
Against his shoulder,
And safely by her big hat screened
'Twas then he told her!

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

By Charles M Skinner

SOCIETY'S every move toward a distribution of its material gains is hailed as a step toward the millennium. That society squeezes together tighter than ever when it hears a rumor of a dividend, to make sure that the other man does not get more than his share, appears to be a matter of course, and in nowise to be deplored But are not the physical and moral mischiefs of this centralizing tendency more than an offset to the practical advantages it is supposed to give? We are rushing to the city, and it wrings us dry of talents and strength of blood and brain and muscle. Of the millions who are born in the cities how seldom does one succeed in anything beyond the gathering of dollars! The country gives us statesmen, the city politicians; the country Generals, the city soldiers; the country athletes, the city spectators. The city hardens, unifies, levels, grinds off the edges of character, and makes men alike.

❧

The appalling thing in all socialistic schemes is that the man is overlooked Everything is for the mass. Anarchy is kinder than communism because it allows the right of the human being to be himself. No doubt that as a *modus vivendi* socialism is the fairest yet devised; but why always consider the crowd? Why so persistently overlook the members of the crowd? Why this stress on government? The object of government is to train men to do without it.

The material success that laws encourage is not the be-all and end-all. If you want wisdom, your success is in getting that. Glory or office may invite you—and you may even care for happiness. If the latter is attained, neither money, power nor glory will buy your success from you. To make the most of ourselves is merely to be ourselves, and to be ourselves is to be profitable to our neighbor, since we are able to give to him a larger and more personal product than if we tried to be imitations of him. For, in the end, we judge men by their work, not by their lives; by their best, not their worst. Homer did not know our ethics, therefore avoid him! Raphael was peccable in his love affairs, wherefore do not look at his madonnas! Wagner was vain, so stay away from Lohengrin! No: we must accept ourselves with our frailties; and know our worth by the mark we leave—not by the noise we make

The breath of the universal life that has come to me, still warm from the sun fires, cannot last long for me. So let me use it in work and play that give a return, not alone to me, but to you. And it is in the open, where neither my thoughts nor my elbows are confined, that I can and must secure my fullest enlargement.

It is the country, then, that asks its wandering and forgetting populations back. We take the countryman's life as a luxury, nibbling at it for two weeks in the year, and looking forward to it through the other fifty. Open the town gates and show that cities are not all: men are not all: art is not all. The universe stands for what dwarfs them into nothingness. Let man freshen his soul at the fount of being. Let him learn, in occasional hours of solitude on the hills, what resources he has. In town he is a constant borrower. Alone, he gathers to give.

❧

There are sanitary, no less than mental and moral advantages in country living. The hours are normal; night is not turned into day; eyes are not strained; lungs are not filled with gas and dust; false appetites are not teased into being in drug and candy shops, tobacco stores and saloons, nerves are not edged by the din of factories and drays. That some people on farms live as artificially as if they were in town tenements is nothing to the prejudice of the country. The villager who digs his well beside his stable, who is afraid to let sunlight into his house, who shuts his windows against "night air," who eats pork, who has never bought a bathtub, is not a representative countryman in these days.

And, as to city advantages that so many urge as a reason for enduring to be a part of the mob, the country is acquiring them. In the older States public libraries are found in hundreds of villages; the schools are fair; there is much ability in the rural pulpit; transportation has become swift and cheap; entertainments are frequent in town halls; the ponds and rivers offer better facilities for swims than we find in the city baths

At the English Capital

AN ORDER has reached a firm of famous Piccadilly hat makers for the best top hat of a special size that they can make. The hat has a history. An officer in the Gordon Highlanders lost it to an officer in the Gloucester regiment, but it is seldom that [illegible] Before the sortie from Ladysmith which resulted [illegible] the two officers, knowing their [illegible] for each would [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] remarked that [illegible] for the honor, but gave them to understand that [illegible] to watch [illegible] The Highlanders [illegible] also have precedence in getting back to Ladysmith. So the two bet the usual hat on the event. [illegible] regiment into Ladysmith, and the one soonest away from the face of the foe, was of course to lose. As all the world knows, the Gloucesters [illegible] back [illegible] officer will [illegible] looking their best in Pretoria, glossers of war. The [illegible] Ladysmith [illegible] the bet he was furious. But later, when the news reached him that his friendly antagonist had been captured, a broad grin took possession of his face, and he gleefully wrote off to England, giving his friend's hat size, and is anxious to pay the bet.

PLUCK AND WIT FROM THE FRONT

The Boer war is producing the usual crop of epigrams. Here are a few to hand:

"Heavy firing; casualties, one cooking pot injured."—Excerpt from a Kimberley bombardment report.

"A time-expired man."—A Gordon Highlander's dying words at Elandslaagte.

"Those who sup with me will require a devil of a long spoon."—The motto the Blue Jackets have fastened upon their naval gun, of which the range is five miles.

"Come along, boys! This is the hottest business I have ever been in."—General French to his cavalry at Elandslaagte.

"Retire be d——d."—Comment of a Gordon Highlander bugle-boy when the fight at Elandslaagte was at its crucial point and the Boer buglers treacherously blew the British call to "Cease Fire" and "Retire." The boy immediately blew the call [illegible]

"Surrender to [illegible]." Cronje to Baden-Powell at Mafeking. "When is the bloodshed to begin. Baden-Powell to Cronje.

"The English must pay a price that will stagger humanity."—Kruger.

"All well. Enemy shelling us."—Baden-Powell's report.

"Go on. This is your show."—General [illegible] to General [illegible] at Elandslaagte.

"Will be with [illegible] Boer telegraph message [illegible]

THE POLITEST MAN LIVING

This is a new story of the Heart of [illegible] Just [illegible] Mr Abbott [illegible] and it is [illegible] Mr Abbott [illegible] editor of a London [illegible] was at first Mr Abbott's [illegible] some time. However, one day he found himself in Portsmouth and learned that the Royal yacht, with the Queen and Princess [illegible] Wight to Portsmouth. Hurrying [illegible] the landing-place, he discovered that there was not the [illegible] sight of Her Majesty on land, so he went to [illegible]

as though it came from the clouds. It was [illegible] in diction. It said, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting us pass?" Glancing quickly up, Mr. Abbott beheld the bow of the mighty battle-ship Minotaur towering over his [illegible] over the brow of the cliff of iron [illegible]

A HERITAGE OF BRAVERY

An Englishman is always glad to run across a proof that heredity tells. The [illegible] that there is [illegible] in the temperament of the [illegible] [illegible] ment that [illegible] [illegible] The war now raging has furnished one such object lesson. At Elandslaagte the Lancers found themselves in a very tight corner. The Boers swarmed around the cavalrymen and shot straight. Along with the foremost of the Lancers rode John James Shurlock, a sixteen year-old trumpeter. This young blood deserted the bugle for the revolver, and was seen by officers and men to shoot down three Boers as he rode forward. Now, this boy's mother was the daughter of a man who served thirty-one years in the old Eighty-second Foot (now the second battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment), and his father served twenty-two years in the Fourteenth Hussars and the Fifth Lancers. Two cousins of young Shurlock are also at the front.

HOW MISS RHODES WON THE TUG-OF-WAR

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has a sister who is quite as striking a character in South Africa as her distinguished brother. In figure she is an Amazon. Her appearance is eminently masculine, her face florid, her voice powerful, and as for her mind, her wits are as sharp as "they make 'em." She accompanies her [illegible] and [illegible] a striking [illegible] On the [illegible] when the two went from England to Cape Town, Miss [illegible] athletic games on shipboard. One of the items in the program was a tug-of-war between twelve brawny Cornishmen and an equal number of weather-stained sailors. Slowly, steadily the sailors were hauling the Cornishmen near the mark, when Miss Rhodes, whose sympathies were with the sailors, [illegible] game was stopped, the Cornishmen took off [illegible] and Miss [illegible] was [illegible]

BUCCANEER DAYS OF BENNETT BURLEIGH

[illegible] the war [illegible] correspondent, in the days of the [illegible] Just how young he must have been in those days, seeing that he is as active as the best of them and in Natal to-day, I'm sure I cannot guess, but [illegible] he had not cut his wisdom teeth. Burleigh, [illegible] sympathized with the South in the grand struggle and [illegible]

these prisoners, and if he had had at his call [illegible] transports, he might have caused some serious inconvenience. But he had neither arms nor transports. Running down the river at that day was a small steamer—the Philo [illegible] was named. This [illegible] level headed, and is one of the most successful [illegible] of the many picturesque [illegible] Imperial outskirts.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] just [illegible] owing to the resentment shown by England on the published account of a certain memorable telegram sent to his sometime friend Kruger. William was greatly offended by England's show of force on that occasion, for if there is one nation more than another that wholly depends upon force for its existence it is Germany, and quite naturally Germany cannot well afford to have another nation make manifest to the world that she is not a bit frightened of the Emperor's army. So William let his English relatives clearly understand that if they wanted to see him they must call at the front door at Potsdam and ring the bell twice. However, the Queen is too old to pay many visits, and her rebellious grandson relented and stepped across to get a piece of the old lady's cake and a glass of lemonade, and make it up like a good boy. Of course, the reporters flocked to Windsor to write as many columns as they could scrape together. At the castle they were well received, important officials were told off to keep them informed and to see that things were made comfortable for them. But one day the Emperor decided to pay a visit to the Duke of Marlborough's place near Oxford. Over here press [illegible] together. English papers [illegible] count for almost nothing reporters do not try [illegible] in a small way. So when William II sped off to Woodstock the journalists elected three of their number to follow—those three to supply the lot with all information.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE IN THE REALM

[illegible] Queen [illegible] reporters [illegible] establishment. But the husband of the one-time Miss [illegible] is a most superior person [illegible] that [illegible] that [illegible] to be given [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] sent a letter [illegible] [illegible] together [illegible] that Her Majesty had countenanced them, and that, up to date, she had been unable to discover the loss of any of her silver spoons.

They hoped, they said, that although the Queen was [illegible] selection of her guests than the Lord of Woodstock, still it might be that Her Majesty's patronage would not be taken as a [illegible]. They asked that His Grace [illegible]

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[illegible]

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
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A Rub of the Green

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE first annual tournament of the Homeville Golf Club was progressing smoothly. The day had dawned clear and bracing, and these favorable conditions endured. Only wind enough was blowing to set a premium on the best judgment of the different players, and to keep in a flutter the gay garments of the fair spectators.

Although the club had been in existence scarcely three months, Society had set upon it the seal of her approval. The names of the foremost people of the town were on its membership list. Such was the rapid spread of the golf epidemic when once it had been introduced by young Will de Pont, that the club, necessarily limited in number, had no difficulty in shaping its personnel to suit itself.

Since this was the first tournament, only a few members had been bold enough to enter the matches, and before the morning was past it was seen without doubt that De Pont and Herbert Radcliffe were by all odds the best players competing. Therefore, it was likely that they would be matched in the finals for the championship.

As happens on many a golf course, the rivals in play were rivals in love. Nancy Heath in her golf costume is a sight to turn the head of even a cool-blooded creature who sneers at golf as "shinny." How, then, must she affect a golfer?

The answer is to be found in the attitude of all the unmarried and some of the married members of the club. The single men were openly in love with her, a few of the married men secretly wished they had waited longer. The unmarried women, and those married ones either young or aspiring to be so, avowedly admired her and effusively hated her.

Even Stub, Radcliffe's ugly little bull terrier, was her slave. The bane of stockinged calves and the terror of cats, to Nan Heath he was lavish, honeyed puppyhood. His wicked small eyes blinked fondness, and his curt tail wagged amity. Nancy Heath was one of those marvelous persons who at once subtly win the devotion of child and brute. And, as is notable, adult humanity is not exempt.

It was an established belief in the town that De Pont and Radcliffe were the advance-guard in the battle for the affections of the girl. No other man felt in his heart that really he stood a show with these two as his antagonists. Which of them was winning no outsider presumed to say. The two themselves had had no means of ascertaining. And if Nancy was clear on the matter she had not signified her knowledge. Had Stub been a decent kind of a dog, with a passable disposition, he might have informed her that in his language the old saw ran, "Love me, love my master." However, Stub was a canine with a villainous temper. So he took the goods the gods provided him and selfishly kept the young lady to himself.

Sometimes he growled at Radcliffe, but never at Nan. He preferred his master at meal times, but Nan at all other times.

Now it was noon, and De Pont and Radcliffe were the only contestants left. The two men never had gone the rounds together. This situation may have been due to chance, or it may have been allowed by mutual consent. Their scores, of course, were known. De Pont's best was 99; Radcliffe's 98. These records were quite good for the links which had a rather poor and very tantalizing fair green.

The crowd which assembled after lunch to watch the final match was large, animated and interested. All the golf celebrities of Homeville were present. There was old Jim Duncan, who had played on St. Andrew's—the original St. Andrew's—before coming to this country, and who even yet, despite his rheumatism, could make as pretty an approach shot as one could wish to see. There was Lem Sawyer, whose every-day clothes were golf clothes, and who used any club that was handy—employing a cleek, for instance, when the ball was crying for the niblick—violating the most cherished canon of golf ethics; still Lem had by no means the worst record in the club. And there was Francis van Rensselaer Stuyvesant, whose golf clothes and golf clubs were made to order, who debated long and earnestly with his caddie regarding the club to be used at each stroke, and who as yet had not covered the course in less than 122. And there was Nan Heath, the blue of her skirt and hat akin to her eyes, her crimson sweater reflected in her cheeks, and the sun imprisoned in her hair.

The spectators saw a battle royal. First De Pont was up; then Radcliffe. Fickle victory perched now on this banner, now on that. It was a struggle irritating to the players, but highly exciting to the throng. Both men were in fine form. The course out was taken by Radcliffe, one up; but the course in at once cut down his slight lead, and after seven consecutive holes had been halved, the second last hole—next to home—was attained with appearances promising that the match itself would be halved. Things looked like a drawn game.

At this crisis De Pont made a superb drive. The ball seemed to be headed too far to the right, but caught by the wind it settled to a true line for the hole, and when it dropped its flight had covered fully 190 yards. [illegible] an embarrassing incident occurred.

STUB, *DO* DROP IT; THAT'S A NICE DOGGIE"

Stub—who had followed his master to the grounds, and, having been summarily rebuked when, mischief bent, he had set out after a scampering caddie, had consoled himself with Nancy Heath—having become tired of attending the footsteps of a deity who since lunch had waxed singularly forgetful of his presence, had apathetically strayed on to the course. Here, just as he, suffering from ennui, had about determined to lie down, he was pleased to behold a white ball plump at his side and roll merrily onward.

What a challenge! Now for a frolic! He was aroused. He had chased balls before. It was a sport productive of much hilarity. With a bound he was upon the lively sphere, and had grabbed it in the midst of its career.

On his ears smote a great shout from the distant crowd. This he interpreted as a sign of approval. Another shout, more shrill, distinctly had in it a tone of enmity. It came from the caddie whom Stub saw running toward him in a hostile manner, brandishing a bundle of sticks. With tail cocked defiantly and head high Stub darted off, firmly convinced that no offensive small boy should catch him—not much.

With that satisfaction which thrills every golf player when he has felt his club strike clean and sweet, De Pont, from the teeing ground, had watched the flight of his ball. But when he saw the dash and ensuing cavorting of Stub his satisfaction died instantly.

"Why—I say, Radcliffe, your confounded dog has my ball!" he exclaimed, starting forward. "Make him drop it! Catch him, caddie! Call him, Radcliffe!"

"Hi, there! Drop it! Hit him with a club! Go it, caddie!" yelled the crowd.

"Here, Stub! Stub, come here!" called Radcliffe. The dog, at the command, remembering the program of previous games of ball, retriever-like trotted to his master and laid the ball at his f[illegible].

"Dash the cur!" remarked De Pont, not lowering his voice the least bit, although the terrier really had a pedigree. "I suppose, considering [illegible] he's your dog, you'll have no objection to my driving over again?" asked De Pont.

Radcliffe hesitated a moment and reddened. "Well——," he replied, and hemmed to clear his voice; "Well, De Pont, to tell the truth, I have. This is a match, you know, or I wouldn't care. But according to the rules, you ought to play the ball from where it lies, you see."

De Pont also flushed. "I didn't know the rules made provision for worthless curs running at large all over the course," he said. "I wish you'd kindly show me the rule you have in mind."

Radcliffe drew from the right hip pocket of his short trousers a book of rules and opened it. After having glanced through several pages he said:

"Here it is. Rule 22: 'Whatever happens by accident to a ball in motion, such as its being deflected or stopped by any agency outside of the match, or by the forecaddie, is a rub of the green, and the ball shall be played from where it lies.' Now *that* covers this case exactly. The ball was deflected by an agency outside the match. Isn't that so?"

"What a shame!" spoke a voice that sounded like Nan Heath's.

Let me see the book," demanded De Pont. The book was handed to him. "But this rule says also," he continued, "that 'should the ball lodge in anything *moving*, such ball, or if it cannot be recovered, another ball, shall be dropped as nearly as possible at the spot where the object was when the ball lodged in it.' Your dog was a moving object, wasn't he? The ball should be played from where he picked it up."

"But he isn't moving *now*," objected Radcliffe stubbornly, indicating Stub, who, panting, was sitting on guard over the ball.

"And he'd never move again, either, if I had my way about it," observed De Pont energetically. "Now look here. I suppose if my ball lodged in a wagon, and that wagon went off a mile or two and into a barn, you'd

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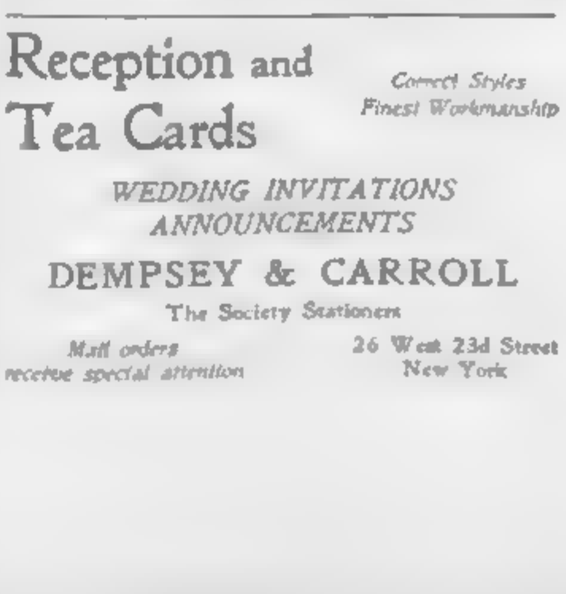


t a m that I must play my ball from there. Is that so?"

It would be a lost ball," replied the other. "And it's not a parallel case; it's unreasonable. According to the rules, you must play from here or lose the hole. I'm sorry, but it's golf," and he set his lips.

"Yes—and that's all," replied De Pont "Why did you call your dog back here?"

"You told me to," was the cool answer.

This was very true. He had.

Now De Pont did what a golf player ought never to do, but what, nevertheless, the most good-natured of golf players *do* do—he let his temper wriggle a little.

"I'll be dashed if I play from here!" he exclaimed; and he viciously kicked at the ball, knocking it ten or more feet. At the same instant a sharp whistle sounded. Both he and Radcliffe knew this whistle, for, saying, "If Radcliffe is to furnish the dog I'll furnish the whistle," he had taught Nan Heath to put her two forefingers in her mouth—so, and to send forth the air between them piercingly. Stub also knew the whistle

With a leap he seized his ball and went tearing off along the course to where, half way to the home hole, a flash of crimson was expecting him.

Stub! Here, sir," called Radcliffe. De l nt said nothing. The crowd laughed Then all proceeded in the wake of the terrier

After she had seen the dog well on his way to her the girl turned and ran toward the flag, tempting Stub to a pursuit in which he was nothing loth to indulge. Within a few moments she was standing close to the standard, Stub at her side, waiting for the players and the spectators to reach her.

"Stub! Here, sir!" again ordered Radcliffe, when he was near enough.

'Don t you do it, Stub. You stay right by me," said Nan clearly. Everybody heard the words. Stub stayed.

'Good for you, Miss Heath!" gleefully shouted De Pont

"I say, Radcliffe, this is fine. Thanks for the use of your dog I'll just play the ball from where it is. I lose a stroke, according to rule, by moving the ball as I did, but to make the hole in three will be enough for me. Bogey is five.

When the party arrived on the green Nan led sweetly '

'Oh, Mr. Radcliffe, please make Stub drop the ball. He won't do it for me."

"No, thank you; I'm not in the business at present," responded Radcliffe rudel "Anyway, De Pont can't play from here, you know. The ball must go back to where Stub was when you whistled for him '

"How do you make that out?" inquired De Pont furiously

"Same rule, old man," replied Radcliffe suavely. "If you ll read on to the next page you'll find that if a ball at *rest* is displaced—here it is: 'If a ball at *rest* be displaced by any agency outside of the match, the player shall drop it, or another ball, as nearly as possible at the spot where it lay.' See? So the ball goes back there where we were when Miss Heath so charmingly interfered."

The girl looked blank, unheeding the withering sarcasm of her angry suitor Chagrin manifested itself on her face

"But the ball *wasn't* at rest," objected De Pont eagerly. "It was on the roll. I kicked it, you remember, and this cur grabbed it. So I play it from where it lies Isn't that so, Miss Heath?" appealing to his ally, whose countenance had brightened up, and whose cheeks were flaming the danger signal for somebody

"According to Mr. Radcliffe's own ruling," she said, smiling disdainfully. "Will you *please* try to make him drop the ball, Mr. Radcliffe?" she a second time asked, stooping to pat Stub

"I can't make him drop it—he has one of his mean fits," answered Radcliffe.

"Quite a difference where the dog *is*," laughed a person in the crowd.

"Where the two dogs are, rather," bitingly observed De Pont. "Drop it, you mongrel!"

"Stub, *do* drop it; that a a nice doggie," coaxed Nan.

But Stub, carried away by his notoriety, simply sat on his tail and leered suspiciously with his red little eyes at whoever approached him. The ball remained tightly clinched between his set jaws.

"Maybe if we walk around he'll drop it," volunteered Radcliffe with sudden urbanity. "Come on, Stub," and he started back toward the teeing ground

"Stub, stay here, commanded Nan. Stub, flattered, stayed.

Radcliffe colored high and gnawed his lip. "Why not let me have my drive over again, Radcliffe?" remarked De Pont, winking at the spectators.

"All right. I agree. That's the best way to settle the whole matter. You can have a new ball, of course," responded Radcliffe

"Why -" began Nan; but De Pont interrupted her.

"Excuse me, Miss Heath," he broke in, "but I have no intention of going back. I merely suggested it to see just how detestable this fellow can be. I shall play the ball from where it lies, and no more monkeying. Look out, please," and drawing his putter from the bag he stepped forward briskly.

"Say; hold on! What do you mean?" exclaimed Radcliffe excitedly.

"Oh, never you mind," retorted the other, taking his stand beside Stub and menacingly swinging aloft the stout iron. "I'm only going to follow the rules. This is a rub of the green Better be farther away, Nan, or you'll get spattered. Say good-by to your cur, Radcliffe."

"No, you don't!" cried Radcliffe, in dismay. "I won't allow it," and he sprang in front of De Pont so as to shield the dog

"It's your own ruling, Mr Radcliffe," said Nan, interposing "But you will not let Mr. De Pont play the ball from where it lies?"

"Certainly I sha'n't see him kill my dog," snapped the man, brought to bay.

"Or make Stub drop the ball?"

"I can't."

"Then, according to your favorite rule, you lose the hole and the match. The penalty for breach of rule is loss of hole, you know," declared Nan triumphantly

The crowd applauded. Radcliffe reflected If Stub dropped the ball De Pont surely would hole out in one putt. The hole was not a foot away. It was ridiculous—but the match was lost, in any event. Playing the ball with Stub's head as a hazard was not to be thought of seriously.

"*Take* the match," he ejaculated desperately. "I can't beat the two of you. Come on, Stub," and he marched off, full of wrath

"Go on, Stub," said Nan. Stub, who had hesitated, ran after his master

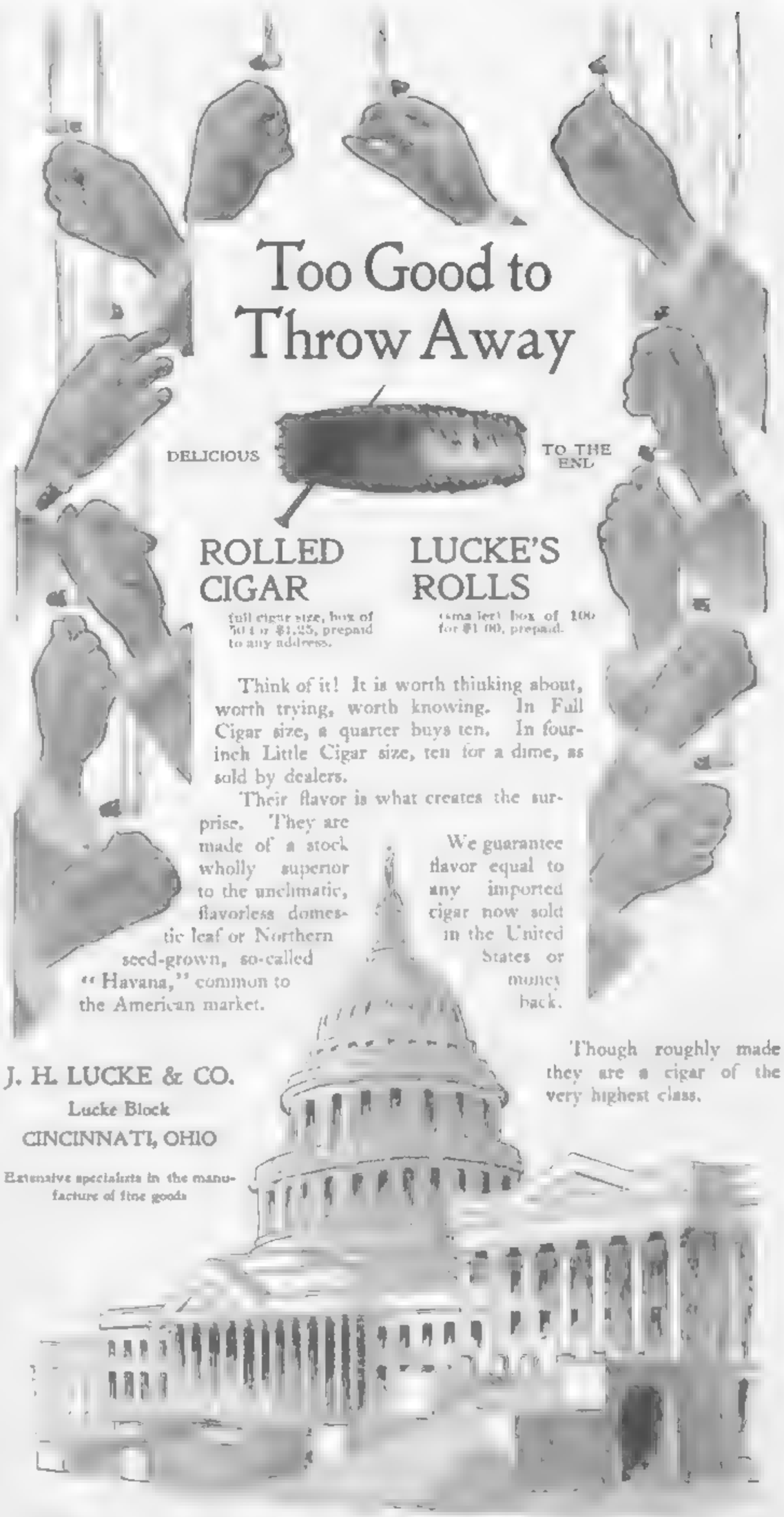
"Mr. Radcliffe lost the match, didn't he?" asked Ann Lawrence of her escort, as the crowd was stringing homeward

He lost two on 'em, Miss Ann," observed Jim Duncan, then passing, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

His idea was plain. Behind, to the left, silhouetted against the western sky, was Radcliffe, moodily taking the short cut across the fields for home. At his heels was Stub, presumably with the ball still in his possession

Also behind, also silhouetted on the sunset, but striking off at a tangent with Radcliffe, were Nan Heath and Will de Pont, headed for the river road—the longest way home.

—the longest way home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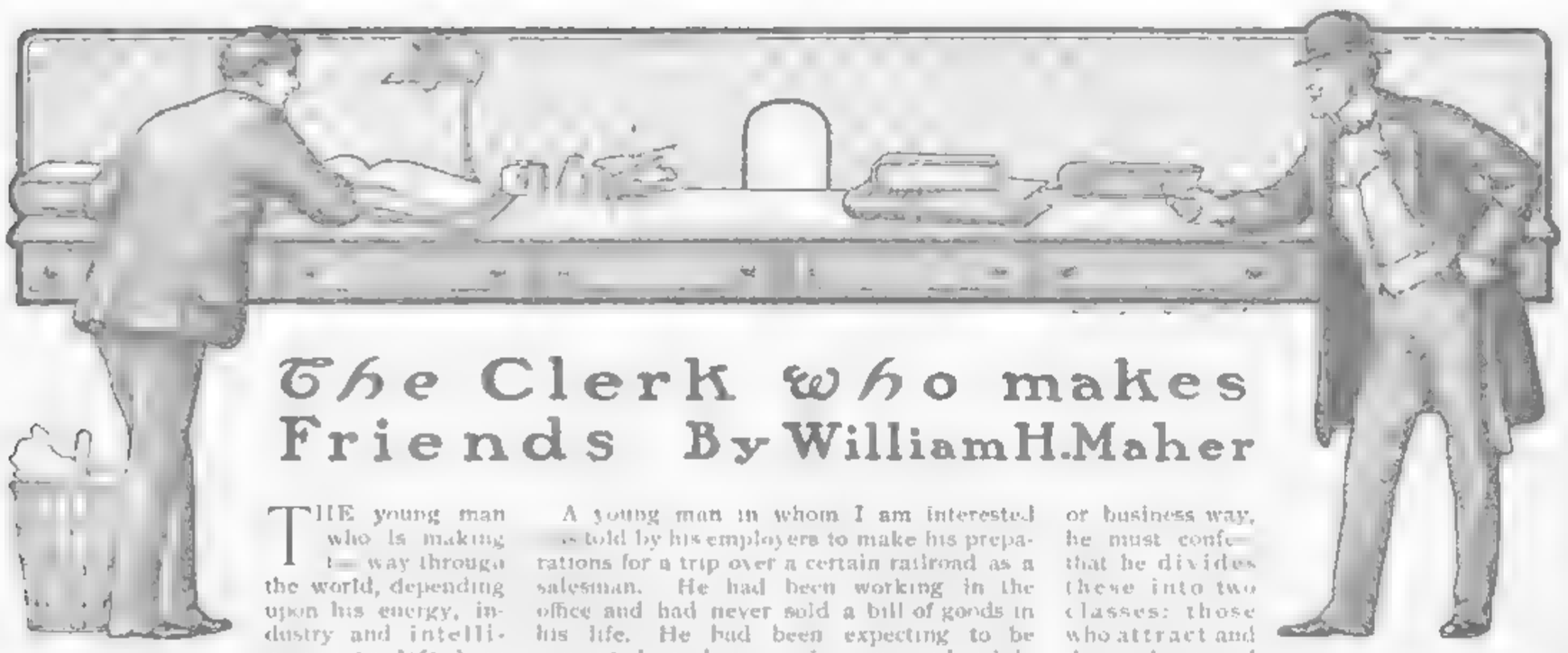

The Clerk who makes Friends

By William H. Maher

THE young man who is making his way through the world, depending upon his energy, industry and intelligence to lift him higher, must not neglect to cultivate the study of mankind. No matter how efficient he may be in other qualities, if he is not a judge of men he is doomed to failure.

A man must possess the faculty of winning the confidence of other men and of making them his friends if he would be successful in any walk of life. This faculty, or gift, is born with some. They touch a sympathetic chord in every one they meet, are given a hearing when more worthy men are turned away, and succeed along their chosen lines when men of immensely greater ability plod along at the foot.

If we say they possess tact, we only half express it. Tact is saying and doing the right thing at the right time to the right person. Tact prevents blunders that would make enemies, but does not necessarily make friends. Tact is the form, but the feeling lies deeper down. To make friends, tact must be present, but the heart only can tie the knot of friendship.

The strength of youth is its unlimited hopefulness. Success is just around the corner. In a few years, at most, she will be overtaken, then come ease and luxury! The great majority of those in the race never catch a glimpse of her robes, and the ones who lag farthest in the rear are those whose manners were so unsympathetic or forbidding that the men who could and would have helped them refrained, perhaps at the critical moment, from saying the word or doing the thing that would have advanced them.

THE SAVING GRACE OF TACT

I am at this moment interested in a man who is out of work and who is struggling bravely to find a position. When he is not near me I study how I can help him, and I canvass friends who may need a man and who would give my recommendation some weight. But when he comes to see me he has not talked five minutes before I begin to think that I wouldn't want him near me all the time; and, feeling so, I wonder if it is right that I should commend him to others. He has no tact. He does not permit me to get half way through a sentence before he interrupts me to agree with me, while he proceeds to finish my sentence in an entirely different way from what I had intended. I conclude that it is not worth while to go back and finish in the way I started out to do, so let it go as he left it, but I do not volunteer any further remarks. When he goes away I still wish, as much as ever, that he was at work, but I am hoping that he will find a place without my having to make a special

Every young man, with the competition of life around him, should probe deep down into his own soul and learn for himself just what is the measure of his capacity to win the good will of other men. He should be absolutely honest with himself, listening to no flattering tale, but facing the truth fearlessly.

THE VALUE OF INTEREST IN OTHERS

If he finds that, on the whole, he does make friends of those with whom he comes in contact, so that they seem to take a kindly interest in him, he may well rejoice, for he has a basis upon which to build toward better results. His danger will be in thinking that he is naturally so shrewd and magnetic that he need give the matter no further study, but may safely trust to these powers to carry him through any and every thing that will come in his course.

A young man in whom I am interested was told by his employers to make his preparations for a trip over a certain railroad as a salesman. He had been working in the office and had never sold a bill of goods in his life. He had been expecting to be appointed a house salesman, and while there would have had experienced men to refer to, if it were necessary, so that he could not have made any serious blunder. But to go out of the city and be obliged to depend entirely upon his own knowledge and judgment—that seemed a tremendous risk both for himself and his house. But he started on his journey.

When he finished the trip he told me: "I studied it out like this: no man will buy of a man if he dislikes him; as a stranger he will have no interest in him, one way or the other; he must approach the merchant so as not to arouse any aversion, and then do his best to create some little interest in himself. I worked on that plan. I appeared to be interested in every merchant and clerk whom I met. I had to work long and hard many times—in fact, most of the time—to get beneath the crust of their indifference, but actually I succeeded in getting them to do a little talking about themselves. I showed such interest in this that by and by they wanted to know a little something about me. We grew friendly, and I succeeded in working up a good trade.

SINCERITY AND COURTESY ALWAYS TELL

One of the most successful men I meet first learned that he might be a good salesman by an incident that happened on the cars between Albany and Buffalo. The seats in his car were pretty well taken, so he offered half of his to a gentleman who came in late. The two engaged in conversation, and it came about naturally that the youth told of what he had been working at and where, and that he was going to a Western city on a rather slim chance of bettering his position. As the older man neared his station he gave the youth his card, saying: "This is my address; I have a factory there. I like your grit and the way you talk, if you don't find the place you are looking for, drop me a line and I'll make a place for you in my office."

The young man secured a place and one day told his employer of this incident. The latter said: "That is the kind of work that makes a man a successful salesman; I have been wondering if you wouldn't do well on the road, and I think you may try it." He made a profitable trip, and was a noted salesman until he was compelled to leave the road and take up the management of the house.

How could he do this? His heart was in his voice and touched the right chord in the hearts of his listeners.

THE VITAL NATURE OF FRIENDSHIP

I recall another young man who was visiting in a city for a few days and was taken by his host to call upon the head of a wholesale house that he might see how business was done in that busy place. The young man and the merchant talked together for an hour, and the latter drew from the youth the story of his life thus far and his aspirations for the future. That evening the merchant called upon the host, and as he took his leave particularly requested the young man to call upon him in the morning. He then said:

"Some remarks you made yesterday kept repeating themselves to me after you went away. I think you are possessed of the spirit that succeeds. I want a man in my office; if you wish to take hold you may."

The offer was promptly accepted and neither man ever had cause to regret it.

As any man studies his relations with other men, and analyzes the position in which he holds those whom he meets in either a social or business way, he must confess that he divides these into two classes: those who attract and those who repel him. There is a small percentage to whom he is indifferent, but the great majority are in the two classes I have named.

If he were free to follow his first inclinations he would avoid one class the moment he detected the coldness between them, and would seek his associates and friends entirely from the ranks of those toward whom he was attracted. Experience proves that to do this would be a grievous mistake, and in the due course of business he must not draw a line between men and men, but must endeavor by every means at his command to hold as customers all men, regardless of any antipathy he may have conceived against them.

A man who intends to succeed must have friends. These are not to be bought or borrowed ready made; they must be evolved out of the men and women whom he meets both in social life and in business.

How shall he do this?

I know of no better rule than that given in Proverbs:

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

If this was given as the rule by which a man shall keep his friends, much more is it the law to be adopted by which one shall create friends for himself.

The result of the efforts to make friends is no less important to the clerk in the smallest grocery store than to the salesman in the largest wholesale concern. Both rise or fall by their power to please their employers and customers.

THE CHILL OF AN INDIFFERENT BEARING

A manufacturer told me recently: "The personal equation enters far more into the success of a salesman than was the case thirty years ago, when I was on the road. Our men must make their customers their friends or they fail to build up a paying trade."

Go into a large store where the clerks employed number among the hundreds, watch one after another as you pass their counters and observe their attitude to their customers. While all are intent upon making a sale, for thereby hangs their continuance in their places, nine out of ten have no interest whatever in the buyers. Their manner to the customer is as cold as an icicle, and though they put on what they think will pass as an air of interest, this is so palpably artificial that the customer is never deceived by it.

The tenth clerk approaches his customer with an air of kindly anticipation, shows a decided interest in the goods called for, is probably a little more desirous of exactly matching what is wanted or in finding an exact fit than is the buyer, and seems so sincerely desirous of pleasing and so thankful for the purchase that the customer remembers him, and not only seeks him again, perhaps even at some little discomfort, but is not stingy with a word of praise where it will do the clerk some good.

THE FATAL ERROR OF GUARDING "RIGHTS"

The clerk who is pushing his way has every reason to congratulate himself because so many of his associates and competitors "stand up for their rights." This is an attitude that is very dear to the shallow majority. They may not refuse to do something that their employers ask of them, but they show by their manner that they think they are being imposed upon, and they perform the task unwillingly and ungraciously.

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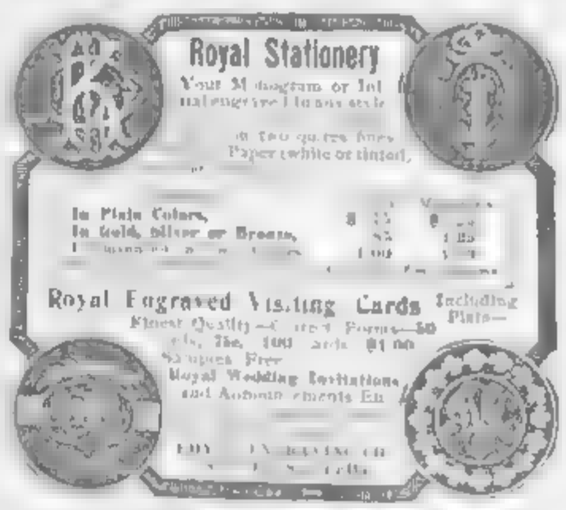

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Clerks of this class are so numerous they act upon each other, and always to their own harm. Their employers keep them only because better help is not to be had, and customers go to their counters simply because they must. They make no friends and no progress, and are of very little more importance to their stores than are the horses that pull the dray.

The business man who says friendship cuts no figure in business does not even know himself and the motives that govern many of his own actions. He entirely overlooks the part it plays in the treatment of those in his own store, or from whom he buys his stock. Friendly feelings must have influence so long as human nature is what it is. They will not tempt a shrewd merchant to pay a fraction of one per cent. more to a man he likes than to one who is less likable, but where prices and quality are the same they will throw the order to the salesman who is most popular.

#

WHAT STARTS THE SALESMAN IN TRADE

When I miss my favorite clerk at the grocery I am quite prepared to hear that he has started in business for himself. All who dealt with him liked him; many have promised that if he started for himself they would give him their trade, and have followed him. His capital in friendship is of far more value to him than his dollars.

The salesman who has been calling upon me for years, and who has won my regard, now tells me he is traveling for himself, having started in business with a partner, and he is certain of my trade to as great an extent as I can give it to him.

There is a class of people who make friends easily but who do not hold them. If they are traveling salesmen their first trip is usually a good one, but each succeeding trip grows poorer till they are dropped. It does not seem to be because they are insincere, but because they do not wear well. All that there is in them is on the surface; they are shallow, and in the first interview they tell all they know.

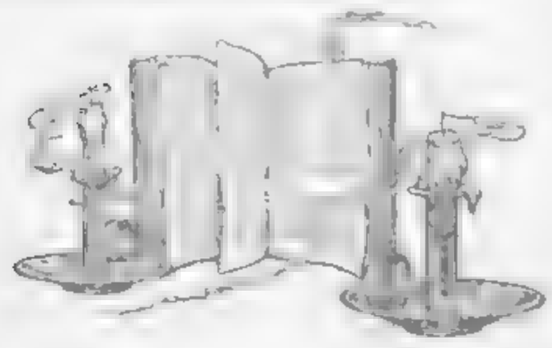
There are others who are much too friendly in appearance upon short acquaintance. They greet you with fervor, and inquire anxiously about your health, as if their happiness depended upon your answer. They ask about trade with such gravity of tone as if they had come these hundreds of miles to get the answer to that one question. Their manner lacks the ring of sincerity and they are wearisome. You feel that they are acting a part, and you are not complimented that they should think that you are deceived by it.

#

THE DOLT WHO NEVER GETS ON

By far the larger portion of mankind can think only of themselves; the *I*, with them, is so extremely large that they spend most of their thought and time in efforts to impress the rest of the world with a proper sense of their fancied importance. A person belonging to this class can never forget himself long enough to take an interest in his auditor. He not only lacks tact, but he is wanting in [illegible].

The interest that makes friends must be both kindly and honest. The clerk and salesman must forget himself; must think only of the one purpose, to make the person his friend. This is not accomplished by fawning upon men, nor by echoing their opinions, but by an intelligent acquaintance with human nature that pushes one's self into the background and sees and brings out the best in others. He must follow out the injunction laid down for keeping friends and "show himself friendly." All other rules [illegible]



GENERAL W. A. BANCROFT STREET RAILWAY EXPERT

NOT a few of the successful men of America were farmer boys. It was on a farm in Groton, Massachusetts, where he was born, that General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, spent his boyhood days. General Bancroft is not yet forty-five years old, but into the past twenty-two years of his eventful career he has crowded more triumphs and successes than fall to the lot of most men in a full lifetime. General Bancroft is popularly supposed to be one of the highest-salaried street railway officials in the country. So well has he impressed the great street railway interests of the country that there recently came to him from Chicago a very flattering offer to leave Boston and manage the surface lines of the former city.

Yet there is not a victory to the credit of General Bancroft that has not been won by hard, persistent work. He has been a wonderfully successful man, whether he be considered as a newspaper correspondent, as a struggling student at college, as the stroke of the Harvard crew or later as its coach, as a lawyer, as a military officer, as a representative of the people, as Mayor of Cambridge, or as the head of a great railway company employing thousands of men and transporting millions of passengers annually. Being a successful man, he has naturally been a leader, and has again justified the old saying that "nothing succeeds like success." In thought, General Bancroft is independent. He is a man of ideas, not afraid to state them, and his executive abilities are recognized by the public generally. General Bancroft's title came to him originally through his command of one of the brigades of the Massachusetts militia. When war broke out between the United States and Spain he volunteered his services, and was made a brigadier and assigned to General Lee's corps. When peace was declared General Bancroft tendered his resignation, and on its acceptance he returned home to resume his duties with the elevated road.

#

General Bancroft was graduated from Harvard in 1878, and was admitted to the bar in 1881. His rise in the militia was from the bottom. He joined the organization as an enlisted man in 1875, and has served continuously since. As Captain of the famous Harvard crews of 1877, 1878 and 1879 he became known far and wide, winning three of the most notable victories ever achieved over Yale. Every Harvard man knows "Foxy" Bancroft, the famous stroke and coach.

In 1885 he entered the street railway business, and was a most successful manager of the interests over which he was placed. General Bancroft was one of the prime movers in the organization of the present Boston Elevated Street Railway, which leased the West End system, giving them the control of most of the street railway lines in and [illegible] towns.

Here is what General Bancroft says: "To industry and loyalty to the interests that I served I attribute in a great measure my success in life. I mean by industry, strict attention to business. I came out of college a poor man, and made several attempts to secure work. I finally hit on a scheme of doing a certain kind of newspaper work, and [illegible] He accepted it, and I got my first start in life. It was a success, and I felt encouraged. I continued my newspaper work while I studied law, and have always found it helpful to me. I suppose I may say that the position that led up to my present place was my connection with the Cambridge Street Railway, but the fact that I had been successful in most of my undertakings, the reputation I had made out of athletics, military service and municipal administration, largely assisted in placing me where I [illegible].

"A young man starting out in life would do well to remember that in the first place he should be honest—deal with everybody fairly. There's a deal of satisfaction in doing so. Be industrious. Try to be intelligent, and try also to be able to seize the opportunity to better your condition. A young man shouldn't be fastidious about what he does. No matter what kind of work it is, take it and do it well, so long as it is honest labor. I [illegible] word, I would say, in working for somebody else, be loyal to that person."

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Tales of Men of Many Trades

The Belated Wedding

By Charles Battell Loomis

"HAVEN'T you got your McDonald Street bills made out yet Handsome?" said Ed Barnett, of the Breslau Gas Company, as he stopped at the desk of George Doolittle on his way to the locker

"No," said George sullenly. He was slow and he was ashamed of it. But he was not steadfast, and he was not ashamed of that. A man is apt to be ashamed of the wrong thing

Barnett hung up his hat and coat. He had been out to lunch. Then he came up to the desk again and saw the big pile of blanks that were to be converted into bills that would astonish people on McDonald Street as gas bills have astonished people since the first bill was made out

He paused a moment on his way to his own desk. "Say, Handsome, the Secretary wants those bills to go out to-night dead sure. There are a lot of bad bills on that street and he wants to give 'Bulldog' a bunch of the worst to collect. He'll give you rats when he finds you're behind again."

George stuck his pen into the inkwell viciously

"Well, I can't write any faster than I can write and I can't figure fast and get them correct. I don't want to have any sixteen dollar mistake to pay out of my own pocket as I did last year

"Somers spoke about that. You tried to get old Hemenann to pay up, didn't you?"

"Yes," said George sadly, for the recollection was painful even a year later. "You weren't here then, were you? I went to his place and told him I'd made a mistake in his gas bill and he still owed sixteen dollars on his November bill"

"And what did he say?

"He said the gas company had been skinning him for three years and he was glad of a chance to get square

"Didn't you tell him it was coming out of you

"I did, but——"

Just then the Secretary passed Doolittle's desk

"Ed, I guess George will work faster if you don't talk to him," he said pleasantly

"All right," said Ed, and went to his desk

"Handsome," or "Old Handsome," was the name that George went by in the Breslau Office, varied sometimes by "Gargoyle." Each was appropriate in its own way. He had a long, thin face, lobster eyes, thick, round ears set in his head like those of a bat, and a lantern jaw. When he had first come to the office he looked so solemn that the other clerks, who had been in the habit of varying their work with more or less horseplay in the absence of the President and Secretary, said, "Oh, there'll be no more fun now. He's a funeral and the corpse and the chief mourners all in one," said Walter Hixon, the application clerk, who had a somewhat large way of speaking

Such did not prove to be the case. Doolittle was not quick at figures but he was quick at devilment. And in an office whose clerical force is made up of young men there is always more or less devilment. It was Doolittle who engineered the famous series of jokes on "Mrs" Watkins, the collector John Watkins was a mild, ladylike man with sparse Dundrearies and a face like a greyhound's. He was the most guileless innocent soul that was ever party to a gas bill As a collector he was a success because women liked his gentle ways, but he had a baby's knowledge of human nature, and did not know how to take the rather wild young men who made up the corps of clerks in the Breslau Company

There were six collectors in all, and the rest were men's men. They had been let into the practical joke at Watkins' expense When the collectors returned from their labors they were in the habit of counting their money and making out their lists at a table; and Watkins always sat at one end of it to be nearer the light, as his sight was not good. The leaf at his end was supported by a hinged leg. Doolittle, at a time when he should have been at work on his six-months' statement, tied a string to the lower end of the leg and hung the other end in the washroom

"HAD AN ACCIDENT, MR. WATKINS?"

Watkins came in, blandly smiling, and said "Good evening" in his soft, maidenly voice. Then he seated himself at the table where the other collectors were already seated; bluff old David Thompson, who had collected for twenty-five years, Joe Madden, the "bulldog" collector, who went after bad bills, and who had a genius for wheedling reluctant coin from hardened debt shirkers; and the others

Doolittle was in the washroom, but he came out with soapy hands and bade "Mrs." Watkins a solemn good-afternoon

"Good afternoon," said Watkins asininely, and stroked his impossible whiskers with maternal pride. Then he arranged his bills and his money on the table in front of him and began to make out his list.

Just then Doolittle pulled the string; the leaf came down with a crash, and bills, money and list went on the floor

"What's the matter, Watkins?" said Thompson with mock interest.

"I think the leg gave way," said Watkins in his high treble And [illegible] still soapy, came out again and said sympathetically, "Had an accident, Mr Watkins?

The office enjoyed the joke hugely, and Watkins never suspected that he had not kicked the leg himself. If he had examined the table he would have seen that such an accident could not have been accidental Doolittle whisked the string out of sight, and when his hands were dried he helped the collector pick up his scattered papers and money

It may not be believed, but it is a fact that for three days running Watkins had the same catastrophe, and he might never have found out how it happened if Doolittle, rendered bold by long continued immunity from detection, had not pulled the string in plain sight of the unfortunate collector. And then Mr Watkins understood and laughed a mirthless laugh that made Doolittle sorry that he had bothered the old soul

But though George endeared himself to his fellow clerks by these and similar pranks, he did not show any especial aptitude for even so simple a calling as the making out of gas bills and the keeping of gas accounts It is such men as he who on a salary of eight hundred a year become engaged and—marry on a fifty-dollar raise

Doolittle was not only engaged but he contemplated matrimony that very even[illegible]

He had not breathed a word of his intention to a soul in the office, the very existence of the young woman was unknown to his fellow clerks Young men in offices are sometimes a trifle free in their remarks and Doolittle respected and loved Miss Esther Woodford too much to wish to hear her name bandied about among men

He was twenty-four, and he had no family to oppose his wishes; she was twenty-one, and an orphan. She was as pretty as health and regular features could make her; that she was plucky as well may be argued from the fact that she knew what George's salary was. But she believed in his future, being ignorant of the skylarking that was popular at the office. At twenty one a woman will take risks that would make a woman of thirty one pause

Doolittle was a queer mixture of boldness and diffidence. If a practical joke was under way, he stopped at nothing, but he would have as soon cut off his hand as go into the Secretary's room and say, "Mr. Dunham, I want a day off to go and get married." In the first place, Mr. Dunham was opposed to early marriages on insufficient salaries; in the second place, four of the clerks had gotten married within a year, and Doolittle knew that he would never tolerate a fifth wedding without much friendly argument and advice—two things that George hated

He had arranged it all with Esther the evening before. She was to go to the house of the Rev. Aaron Pettingale, the pastor of the Baptist Church which she had attended since she was a child, and wait there until George arrived at six or as soon after as was possible. Then Mr. Pettingale was to unite

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them in matrimony, and, as she had no relatives, they were going to dine with the minister and his wife—a unique way of beginning a honeymoon

It was Saturday, and George had supposed that he was to have until Monday to get out McDonald Street. There were twelve hundred bills on it, and many of them had back bills to be added. It was a good six-hour job, and it was now half-past one.

Mr Dunham came up. "George, you're behindhand on those bills. I expect you to finish the street before you go home Evans will keep the office open if you have to stay overtime." Evans was the janitor

Now, George should have said immediately, "Mr. Dunham, I've promised to marry a young woman at six o'clock, but if you'll give me until Monday noon I'll finish the street.' And Mr. Dunham undoubtedly would have not only given his consent, but would have detailed another man to make out the bills and would have bidden George stay away for a day or two. Certainly no Secretary with as much flesh and blood as the rotund Mr Dunham would keep a clerk from his wedding because he was a few hundred bills behind

But all that Doolittle said was, "All right, sir. I'll do them." And having received George's word, Mr. Dunham knew that the bills would be done before daylight. He went back to his room and George pitched into work with vigor.

■

In an hour Dunham went down to the bank with the deposit and Joe Morton came up and asked George to give his imitation of Daniel Webster on the field of Waterloo, a bit of preposterous impersonation that never failed to win rapturous plaudits from the boys, no matter how often George did it But George could not be moved He saw Esther making ready for the wedding and he tossed off bill after bill with almost as much speed as Ed Barnett brought habitually to his work. Even when a Chinaman came in and ordered a ton of coke and Walter Hixon asked him whether he wanted it delivered at "half-past" and then flashed the Chinese letter on him, even then George did not turn his head, although ordinarily the translation of the letter into pigeon English made a welcome quarter-hour break in the monotony of bookkeeping. He heard Wun Sing's astonished interrogation, "Where you get hat?" and Walter's injunction to "Sing it, John; sing it?" but he did not pause in his work

At half-past four he still had three hundred bills to do and he began to doubt his ability to finish on time. He would have asked Ed to help him, but all the McDonald Street accounts were in the same ledger, so that was out of the question. At five the collectors began to come in, and Nemesis in the shape of Mr. Watkins came to him and asked him to look up an old account

■

"Can't you wait until Monday?" asked George, anxiously glancing at the hurrying hands of the clock

Watkins' tone was sweetness itself, but George fancied there was something sardonic in his answer: "I must have the amount to-night. I'm to go there at six o'clock and Mr. Heaton will pay me. It's conscience money

"At six o'clock." That was the time that he and Esther were to be united. Six o'clock, and it was now a quarter to five and the Rev. Mr. Pettingale lived down in South Brooklyn, nearly half an hour away on the L

Accounts were traced back by the number of the meter when different consumers had used the gas, but George had neglected to transfer the number from the last ledger and this made a hard task of a simple one Back, back, through ledger after ledger he went, until at last he found it in one of the first books ever used by the company. The account had been marked off as "dead" And a good half-hour had been consumed in the search. It did not make it any pleasanter for George when he reflected that if he had entered his meter numbers on the last ledger he could have found the account in five minutes

Most of the clerks had gone home in the meantime, and all of the collectors except Mr Watkins

Good-night, Handsome." "That's right. Stick to your work." "Be with you Monday morning, Gargoyle," were the adieus showered upon him. Watkins laughed in his feeble, cackling way, and George felt like smiting him. At last he went away with his bill, and George was left alone with three hundred bills to do and no time to do them unless he postponed the marriage

■

He pictured Esther going to the parsonage in her pretty gray dress and waiting anxiously for his arrival. The minister would at first reassure her, and then he, too, would become worried

Some young men would have shoved the unfinished bills into the desk, slammed the ledger into the safe and shut the door, but George was peculiar in many ways, and one of his characteristics was a pig headed persistency that seized him at times. He would finish those bills without looking at the clock, and then he would hurry down to the parsonage just as he was, and even if he was late she would be waiting for him

He did not know Esther

Evans came up to him at six o'clock with his hangdog air as if he expected a kick and would be disappointed if he didn't get it

"When'll you be through, Mr. Doolittle?"

"Shut up, Evans; I'm busy

"All right, sir," said Evans, and shuffled meekly away.

And now as George worked he awoke to a realizing sense of his deficiencies. Here he was, late to his own wedding because he had neglected his work. What kind of a husband was he going to make? Did he deserve such a perfect little woman as Esther? No, sir; he did not. But if this horrid nightmare ever turned out right he would deserve her He inked his pen with enthusiasm and the bills fluttered from under his hands like so many green butterflies.

■

It might have been seven or it might have been half-past when there came a tap on the front door

"Who in thunder is coming here now? Tell 'em the office is closed, Evans—to come Monday."

"All right, sir," said Evans obediently and teetered out to the door. He opened it and George heard him deliver the message. Then he heard a woman's voice but could not distinguish what she said

"No, he's busy. Come around Monday morning," said Evans with borrowed authority

Again the woman's voice, but this time louder. "But I must see him now. Tell him it's Miss Woodford."

George swung from his stool, vaulted over the desk, and threw the door wide open.

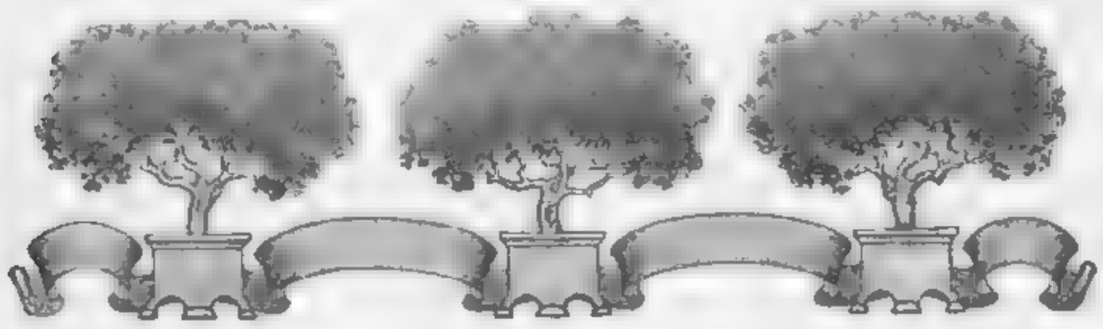
Then Evans was treated to the sight of a very pretty and plump young woman kissing "Old Handsome."

"I thought I'd find you here, you dear, old, hard-working boy. Did you forget that I was waiting at the Pettingales'? Their dinner's cold, and—we're not married Aren't you ashamed?"

George, oblivious of passers-by on Fulton Street, and of Evans in the background, punctuated his reply with kisses. "I—am—coming—as—soon—as—I—make—out—about—fifty—more—tiresome—old—bills. I—promised—'em—to—Dunham—for—Monday."

"Well, Mr. Dunham ought to have been ashamed to ask it. I think business men are awful. They ought to raise your salary two hundred dollars for your faithfulness."

And they did But maybe it was what Evans told Mr. Dunham that led to it, and as George has settled down to straightaway work in business hours now, and saves his little jokes for evenings, Mr. Dunham is beginning to talk of promoting him



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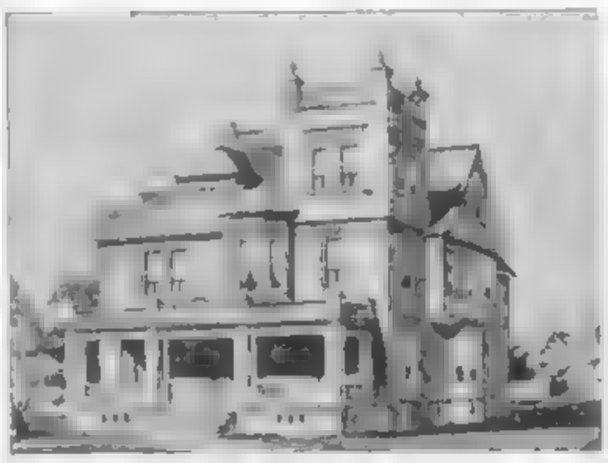

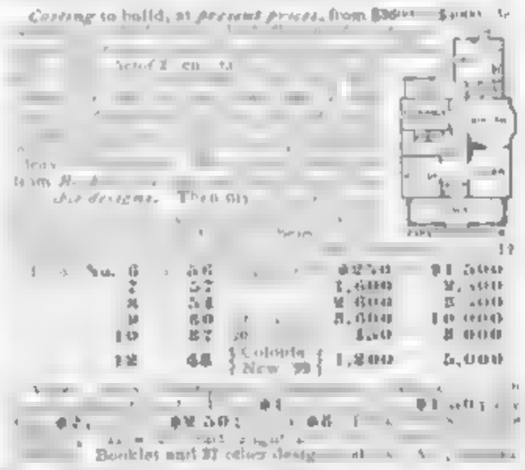

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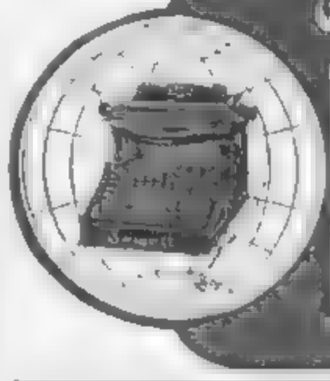

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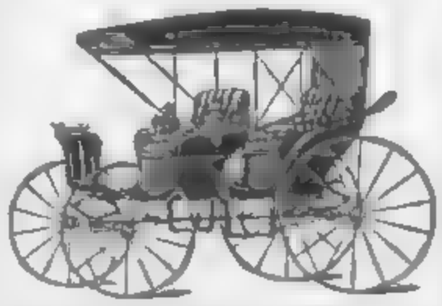

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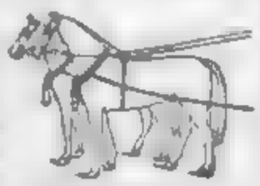

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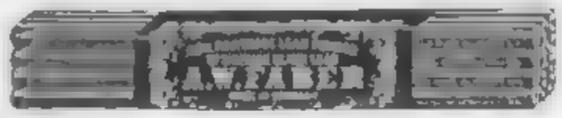

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

Mrs. Howe's Reminiscences *

TO THE many volumes of memoirs which have recently been given to the public—to the New England public especially—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has added the Reminiscences of her long and useful life. They cover a period of eighty years, are mainly personal and private in their character, and reveal an astonishingly retentive memory, from which not even the incidents of [illegible] childhood have faded softly away. Mrs. Howe remembers, for example, the difficulty she had in pronouncing the word "mother"; she recalls the first seams she sewed, her early writing lessons, and what she said when she saw Niagara at the age of four. The ice cream of occasional dinner-parties dwells vividly in her recollection, and the toast and preserves of ordinary supper-time, and the color of the drawing room curtains, and the wholesome aversion she entertained for Paley's Moral Philosophy.

It was a serene if somewhat rigid atmosphere in which the girl was reared. Sunday began on Saturday evening, when no amusements were permitted. The unusual indulgence of coffee and muffins for the Sabbath breakfast heartened the young people somewhat for the severities that followed. Twice they went to church and twice to Sunday-school, and beguiled the intervening hours with Mrs. Sherwood's engagingly pious tales. "In the evening we sang hymns and sometimes received a quiet visitor."

After a while, however, there came along a visitor not so quiet—"a noble rider on a noble steed"—to wit, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, well known even then for his philanthropic work. Miss Ward was married to him in the spring of 1843, and the young couple sailed at once for Europe. With her usual attention to detail, Mrs. Howe assures us she was cured permanently of seasickness on this trip by the magnetism of her husband's will, which compelled her to struggle with her weakness, and by a "small dose of brandy with cracked ice"—usually the deadliest of remedies. To Italy they went, to Rome—not then despoiled and shorn in the name of progress. On their return home they began life very soberly and earnestly in Boston, where hitherto the bride had been but a "petted visitor."

Her zeal for emancipation connected her closely for years with the New England Abolitionists; yet when the Civil War, which they promoted, had been fought, she went over to old England—never at rest from weary and heroic struggle—to found and foster the Woman's Apostolate of Peace, which seems to have been as influential and as productive of good results as the recent congress at The Hague.

Her long championship of universal suffrage is too well known for comment. Upon this matter, as upon all others, she writes freely and frankly in the stout volume of Reminiscences, not ignoring even the social side of her life, and the amusements, which strike a languid reader as being of an intellectually athletic order. A lecture every ten days seems like severe fun for Newport in hot weather, and only a woman who confesses she "felt the need of upholding the higher social ideals, and of not leaving true culture unrepresented even in a summer watering place," could have listened to them with cheerful resignation.

Two Stories for Young Folk †

AMONG the host of children's books which the Christmas season brought in its train is a slender volume of tales by Clara Morris and a really good story of early New England life by Beulah Marie Dix. Miss Morris' sketches are pretty, simple little episodes of child life. They tell the adventures of Jim Crow, a small negro boy with acrobatic talents; of Shins, a ragged philanthropist of the slums; of Marty Many Things, a half-starved little drudge to whom Santa Claus, in the form of a vaudeville actress, sends a Christmas dinner and a doll baby. The best story is about two little girls who learn to love each other very dearly at school, and who are parted suddenly and forever by the simple circumstance of one family moving far uptown. The lordly indifference of adults to anything so insignificant as a broken friendship is well described, and reminds us of Miss Thackeray's complaint that in childhood "intimacy and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people"—which seems a little hard.

The title of Miss Dix's book, Soldier Rigdale, and the sudden manner in which she breaks off her narrative, suggest a sequel to a follow[illegible] sequel in which little Miles Rigdale will be old enough to do some real fighting against the French and Indians. The present volume gives us but his early experience in that cheerless colony planted by uncompromising piety on the bleak New England coast. Miles is a real boy, who under more favorable circumstances might even have been a jolly boy. He is eleven years old when the Mayflower brings him over the sea, and he remembers with unregenerate regret the merrymaking of an English Christmas, in default of which he ventures to hope that he and the other children will be granted at least a holiday. But alas! and alas! for such unwarranted expectations. "We stain this virgin soil with no Popish festivals," says Master Hopkins grimly; and the newly arrived colonists work harder than ever from sunrise to sunset by way of proving that they honored not the day.

One glorious episode, however, compensates Miles for all his scoldings and whippings and scrapes. He is carried away by Indians, and for a few days of splendid freedom lives in their wigwams, and has—in spite of fearful misgivings—the good time of his life. Even when reclaimed by civilization there is left the joy of swaggering before less fortunate lads. "'Twas so brave a life I led among the savages" is his cry, and what right-minded boy would not endure greater hardships than befel Miles Rigdale to be able to say as much?

—*Agnes Repplier.*

By Way of the Cross *

IN SEVERAL respects Mr. F. Marion Crawford's Via Crucis, A Romance of the Second Crusade, is very different from any of the recent stories turned out by the great historical grist mill. In some respects, on the contrary, it is inevitably quite like the other stories of its type. It might be expected to have as heroine a woman the most beautiful in the world, and as hero a man possessed of all knightly qualities. In Queen Eleanor it has the peerless beauty, in Gilbert Warde the peerless knight. It might be expected to have as incidents flaring battle deeds and breathless duels; it has the unparalleled duel in an early chapter, the blood-swimming battle in a later one. It might be expected to describe at length the dress and arms of the knights (carefully or carelessly spoiled from the encyclopedias), the food that was eaten, the wine that was drunk, the oaths that were sworn. It might be expected to rouse one's interest in a well born hero done out of his inheritance by a designing stepfather; a timid, shrinking girl in love with the bold, aggressive hero, but kept from him because of the before-mentioned spirit of evil, the stepfather; a couple of trusty henchmen to help the hero out of his tight places; and, finally, some *deus ex machina* to make all right at the end. All these things might be fairly looked for in a novel avowedly cast in the mould of the historical romance. Most of them one finds in Via Crucis.

Because it is in at least two respects entirely unlike the generality of books of the sort it is worth reading in a class by itself. It has a distinct, logical, artistic character development far and away better than anything of the kind I have lately seen done. It has, all unobtrusively, all unpedantically, a definite moral purpose.

The two characters developed in the story are Queen Eleanor, the heroine, and [illegible] inherited Gilbert Warde, the hero. Eleanor, as we know from our history and as we find in our Crawford, was essentially self willed and unrestrained. At the beginning of the story she meets a young Norman gentleman, not yet a knight, not even squire, towering physically over other men, tranquil and strong, born to command. Him she promptly falls in love with; him, to his dismay, she soon kisses passionately. It's a far cry from this unrestrained, loving young Queen to the deeply emotioned, surpassingly glorious woman, who, more Queen than ever before in her life, at the Tomb of our Saviour knelt in the dark watches afar off from the purified maiden knight, her dearly loved, and there prayed "God, let me perish, but keep him what he is!"

Gilbert Warde, at first a simple Norman [illegible] becomes the blood-lusting warrior, killing for killing's sake without a thought of the why, and then, with many a step in life-weaving between, the serene, all-doing, all-well doing Guide of Aquitaine, the one man in all the host of the Second [illegible] able to lead the way to the Holy City.

And why the change in the lives of both? Here is the writer's purpose; here is the lasting good that comes to one for the moments of great joy that one spends over these pages: both Eleanor and Gilbert learned their life lessons by doing much, by sacrificing all things—Gilbert, comfort, rewards, bodily strength, revenge; Eleanor, love itself. Both came to their full stature by way of the Cross. —*C. R. Gaston.*

The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment *

IF THE Protestant Episcopal Church contains a dignitary so lost to all sense of humor and so thin of skin that he cannot enjoy a bit of artistic fun-poking at the human foibles to which even Bishops are heir, let him beware of Oscar Fay Adams' daintily satirical volume, The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment. But to the credit of all members of the Anglican clergy who have attained to the dignity of lawn sleeves be it said that they are altogether likely to constitute the most appreciative readers of these studies of the temptations and predicaments which assail those who have achieved high positions in Episcopal life.

It may safely be taken for granted that the scholarly clergy of the Established Church has as quick an eye for a well-trimmed dart of satire as any body of readers—even though the arrow puncture the vulnerable joints of a Bishop's armor.

To those who are looking for the conventional story, with traditional plot, with clockwork movement, and a finale as easily anticipated as the hour which a reliable domestic timepiece is due to strike, these quiet studies of ecclesiastical foibles will prove disappointing. Their satire is too delicate and their construction marks too radical a departure from set story form to appeal to them; but they will have a sure and appreciative acceptance among those who like their pearls of humor the better for being strung on a gossamer thread, and whose only demand of a story is not that it shall "come out right."

The reader who loves a story for its subtler qualities, for the light which it sheds on human character, will have but one quarrel to pick with Mr. Adams' art. No amount of readiness to accept the exigencies and eccentricities of modern "artistic endings" will prepare the way for submission to the half-hearted conclusion to which the last sketch in the volume is brought.

The effect of the closing paragraph of the Dilemma of Bishop of Oklaho is much like the jar which is experienced in climbing an unlighted stairway when the top is reached, and the foot, raised to make farther ascent, comes down upon the landing with unexpected force. The most sympathetic reader

---

* Reminiscences. By Julia Ward Howe. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

† Little Jim Crow. By Clara Morris. *The Century Company.*
Soldier Rigdale. By Beulah Marie Dix. *The Macmillan Company.*

* Via Crucis: A Romance of the Second Crusade. By F. Marion Crawford. *The Macmillan Company.*

* The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment. By Oscar Fay Adams. *L. C. Page & Co.*

GEBER

A Tale of Harun the Khalif

By Kate A. Benton

HARUN AL RASCHID is a name familiar to every one, but little has been written of his time and period except in histories that are slightly known and almost inaccessible.

This romance by Mrs. Benton is one seriously considered and successfully carried out. It deals with the latter part of the reign of Harun and tells the story of the fall of the great Barmek family.

Geber, after whom the novel is named, and of whose great skill as a physician we have only a fragmentary knowledge, of course plays a prominent part; but the story is not so much the record of one man as it is a gorgeous and splendid history of a court that was marked by a magnificence and splendor not surpassed by the pomp of the greatest monarchs the world has known.

No more fascinating period of history could have been chosen by Mrs. Benton than the time of Harun, nor one about which so little is known and there is so much curiosity.

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feels himself confronted with the necessity of concluding that the sketch is intended either as a second Lady-and-the-Tiger puzzle or that the author had not the moral courage to bring the story to a legitimate end. His lack of moral stamina [illegible] and welcome contribution to that small and exclusive section of humorous literature which is appreciated in the ratio of the reader's refinement.

—*Forrest Crissey.*

Two Views of Art

THERE are two kinds of art: the kind that is addressed to the practitioner and the kind that is aimed at the general consumer. And there are two views of art: that which may be called (without undue pomp) the professional view, and that which may be called (without undue disparagement) the human view. Let us try to bring the two into as close association as may be.

Here is A, who works in the short story. [illegible] in his latest volume is, from one reason or another, a technical triumph—is of the day and in the movement, shows a mastery over some curious new form, exhibits a singular deftness and originality in handling, takes in and breathes out again the latest afflatus transmitted by the past masters in the art over s[illegible] and that one is a brief thing—a trifle tucked in at the end as a makeweight. It is deeply conventional in its form, wholly cut and dried in its efforts at pathos, carved out, basted and stitched together after a pattern completely archaic. A offers his volume to Mr. and Mrs. Friend—persons of some taste, judgment, cultivation. They pass over the strained modernities that compose the bulk of the volume to feed their fill on the trivial tailpiece that finishes it. "The best thing you ever wrote, old man," says Friend. "I cry whenever I think of it," adds Mrs. Friend heartily. Disgust of A, who is too narrowly professional to allow due play to the element of the merely human.

B is a conductor. He is shut in by a triple hedge of musicians, guarantors and holders of season tickets, and [illegible] in the world to be reached by simple human considerations. His real interest is only in the erudite, the complicated; nothing pleases him and his pack more than a steeplechase over multiplied *chevaux-de-frise* of technical difficulty—he wills Dvorak, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss. A, who sometimes attends his concerts, makes moan: "Where is Traumerei? What has become of the Bach Gounod Ave Maria? Have you no tunes, no melodies? Can't you give us something with some soul, some feeling?" Disdain of B, who wonders why he should be asked to confine himself to the rule of three after having fully qualified himself to deal with the differential calculus. For, in matters musical, A is human. It is only in fiction that he is rigidly professional.

C is a painter. His modernity is rampant. He is all for handling, values, and *plein air* problems. He loathes the "literary" picture. To him comes B with this plaint: "I don't care about your haystacks painted between sunset and moonrise. Why can't you paint something that appeals to people—something that tells a story?" Contempt of C, who would sooner die than tell a story in a picture, and who would even tell a story rather than relapse into Prussian blue and bitumen. For, as concerns painting, B, the musician, is human, like most of the rest of us. It is only in music that he holds rigidly to his professional standard.

And here is D, an architect. But where does he come in? Every art-worker has his two spheres, one turned toward the sun—his sun—and the other turned to the shadow. Let each one try to remember that what is shade for him is sunlight for his next neighbor: let all of them try to bear in mind the rights of their patrons and supporters, for whom art, in any of its forms, is by no means a be-all and end-all, but simply a passing diversion in the thick press of more earnest and more immediate concerns; and let the public itself—well, there are several things that the public itself might bear in mind. First, that the artist is supported largely by his pride in his own workmanship and by the approval of a few others in his own field of endeavor who [illegible]; second, that an advanced or even an incomprehensible technique such as must battle in its own behalf to-day becomes an accepted commonplace, even to the average man, to-morrow; and third, that the function of the artist, whatever his vagaries, has an importance not always well enough realized; for though he does not rear the walls and roof of the social edifice, he yet provides a large share of the atmosphere that permeates it, and air to breathe is [illegible] than shelter overhead, or ground on which to find a foothold.

—*Henry B. Fuller.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

THE WESTERN STORY, as Mr. Bret Harte has crystallized it for us in his best work, is sharp, clear-cut, and soon over, humanity has but scratched the surface—behind it are the mountains, impassive and unchanged. Mr. Ralph Connor has attempted more, and the attempt comes somewhat as a surprise. Black Rock is a history—the history of a community. Behind it is the might of a movement, a creed. In the person of Craig, the missionary, the Christianity of Civilization serves its "tenderfoot" apprenticeship like any other newcomer, and grows up to strength and service. There is nothing cramped about Black Rock; Mr. Connor—we quote from Professor George Adam Smith's introduction—"writes with the freshness and accuracy of an eyewitness and with the style of an artist."—*Fleming H. Revell Company.*

[illegible]s of a foundling grown up, in the Western border struggles that went before the Civil War, his association with the heroic but distorted figure of John Brown, and last [illegible] chapter full of quiet self-restraint [illegible] strength—the story of a man who found his happiness in his friend's love, not in his own—these are the main divisions of Mr. William R. Lighton's Sons of Steel. [illegible]kansas thrown open for settlement [illegible] settlement and war—was indeed a field for men.—*Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The lawyers have always had the name of getting more fun out of life than either the doctors or the clergy. Mr. Marshall Brown, himself a lawyer, has given the spare moments of a long and busy professional career to collecting examples of the Wit and Humor of the Bench and Bar. The resulting volume is alive at every page and sprinkled throughout with names eminent on both sides of the water.—*T. H. Flood & Co.*

In his preface to The Bond of Black, Mr. William Le Queux declares: "The things I have described actually take place in secret, as certain facts in my possession indisputably show." No wonder that he feels called upon to vouch for his statements. The Bond of Black is the secret oath of the cult of latter-day diabolism. How a brave lover was able by his devotion and courage to rescue for himself his sweetheart, and for his best friend the girl he loved, from despair and sin is what the story tells.—*G. W. Dillingham Company.*

Except that Pierre Debré did not marry an Indian, but a French girl of his own faith, his life with the Indians of Florida almost reminds one of Atala. In The Sword of Justice, however, Sheppard Steevens follows accurately Indian scenes and customs and adheres closely to historical fact. The history of the times in which the story is laid is rich with romantic interest as yet unexplored.—*Little, Brown & Co.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Fitting of the Peats

NEXT week's issue of the Post will contain the opening installment of S. R. Crockett's new romance, The Fitting of the Peats. The scenes of this exquisite love story are laid in Scotland and France. The time is that of the Jacobite uprising in the middle of the last century. The hero is a young rebel of noble birth; the heroine, the daughter of a loyal laird. The story will be completed in the four February issues.

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of The Raiders, The Stickit Minister, The Grey Man

NEXT WEEK'S POST WILL ALSO CONTAIN

With Lawton in the Field

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING contributes a remarkably interesting sketch of the late General Lawton, who fell in action last December. General King was his companion in the field and on the march during a considerable portion of his Philippine campaign. He writes of him as one friend would of another, and tells many new anecdotes of his campaign life.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES KING

Molly Elliot Seawell

MISS SEAWELL tells with delightful humor of the strange matrimonial complications of a susceptible Englishman.

Derwent's Love Affairs

R. Lindsay Coleman

R. L. COLEMAN, the man who is acknowledged to be the greatest in the bicycle industry, is the subject of a bright, entertaining sketch.

By Perriton Maxwell

Jerome K. Jerome

ANOTHER of Mr. Jerome's inimitable papers follows the fortunes of his misadventurous wheelmen on a tour.

Three Men on Four Wheels

Hon. R. P. Porter

THE United States Special Commissioner to Cuba and Puerto Rico, contributes a valuable article on the needs of Cuba—political, financial, industrial.

The Needs of Cuba

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

THIS is the title of a series of piquant satirical papers on the exclusive society of Washington. The author is a woman who has the entrée to all the "great houses" of the capital, and she is constantly meeting, in a social way, the most distinguished in Washington. Her racy chat and gossip will be illustrated by snap-shot photographs, taken especially for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RIDING TO HOUNDS

Where *and* How *to go* Fox-Hunting

By A. H. Godfrey

IN THESE days of outdoor sports of all kinds no form of energetic exercise is more deserving of attention than the time-honored sport of hunting, by which is meant "riding to hounds"

Fox-hunting is recognized as an institution in rural life wherever the English language is spoken. In this country, especially, the sport has found a congenial home as being peculiarly suited to the energetic force underlying the American character and having just the requisite tinge of danger about it to give it piquancy. It is at once democratic and in keeping with all that constitutes good form It is supported by men of wealth and those of moderate means, and its followers include enthusiasts of every grade of life. All are alike in the hunting field, and there rich and poor strive for honor on an equal basis. The instant the fox breaks cover and hounds begin to run, "Ta-a leo! Go-o-ne away!" is the cry, and then he is first after "Master" and "Whip" whose horse is able to place him there

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FOX HUNTERS

In this country the hunting enthusiast has a wide expanse to range over, and the follower of hounds, after wild fox or the elusive aniseed drag, can, without much trouble, find sport enough to satisfy the most exacting. There is no red-tape formality about it. With the indorsement usual in the acceptation of applicants to clubs everywhere, any decent fellow can count upon being enrolled on the membership list of one or more of the hunting organizations of Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, New York, Massachusetts and Canada, which affords scope for all the hunting one needs east of the Mississippi. But whether he joins a club or merely wishes to hunt occasionally, as means or time may permit, the enthusiast will be equally welcome. Provided he has heart and hands of the right sort, and bestrides a horse of blood, stride, condition and courage, the visitor to the American hunting field will be afforded every opportunity to take his fill of sport, and may be sure of a cordial greeting from men whose friendship makes life worth living

There are hunts and hunting fields suited to all purses and all ages. Small and large packs of hounds are maintained by farmers and professional men as well as by wealthy clubs, and one can follow a few couples or half a hundred well trained dogs according to the locality chosen, and that without further expense than the keeping of one horse approaching the thoroughbred type which, in the off season, can do good service as a park hack.

THE SELECTION OF A STABLE

Of course, if more ambitious and you desire to rank with the first flighters throughout the season at the several hunts, you must maintain a stable of six or eight full-sized, well bred horses, with their attendant grooms, and so on For hunting two or three days a week with nearby packs, over a country of small fields and frequent woods, three or four horses of less value will carry a careful man over all the obstacles and keep him fairly well to the front. In hunting, the pleasure is by no means in proportion to the cost, and in hilly districts where the pace is necessarily slow and the difficulties great, the weighty individual on his sturdy cob has just as much fun and is as often in at the finish as he who bestrides the flying thoroughbred. Indeed, the balance is not infrequently in favor of the cob.

But the enthusiast who makes hunting his only pastime and follows hounds every day they can run will, if he is young enough, strong enough, and of stout heart, and can afford it, do most of his riding over a grass country, where fences are far between but high and tough-looking, where large horses are most in request, and lots of galloping is to be done after swift hounds. In such a country wild foxes must, of course, be numerous, and scent must, as a rule, lie strong. But such an enthusiast is a hard rider, and will generally be found farther afield than the novices to whom this article is addressed. I therefore leave him to take care of himself, and write only for the information of those who would like to take up hunting because they happen to own or hire one or two horses that they ride occasionally, and have leisure enough to enjoy a run with a pack of hounds located in their vicinity.

WAITING FOR THE MASTER OF HOUNDS

SOME OF THE BETTER KNOWN HUNT CLUBS

Leaving out of this purview the history of the sport and interesting details of the several hunt-clubs, it is sufficient to enumerate a few of the better-known hunts. Of all Eastern cities, Philadelphia undoubtedly ranks first in the estimation of hunting men as affording easy access to an extensive hunting section. In less than one hour by rail from the heart of the city one can salute the Master of the Radnor Hunt, and within a radius of a dozen miles of that cosy clubhouse a man may "a-hunting go" with any one of nine packs of hounds—the Radnor, the Rose Tree, the Lima, the Gulf Mills, the Chester Valley, the Merion, the Donon, the Orthpp, and the Washington of Valley Forge. Chester County is a veritable hive of hunting men, and Montgomery and Delaware Counties are not unlike it. For if Messrs. Howard Sharp, Gibson, Green, O'Brien and Glenn can give you a run from West Chester, Messrs. Mather, Hill, Dohan, Tarpey and Haley will each lead you a merry chase from Bryn Mawr, Media, Glen Riddle, King of Prussia and Merion Square. Then there are the Roversford, the Phoenix, and the Birchrunville packs, Pechin's at Strafford, and the Lionville, Trooper, Pottstown and Black Rock kennels, and others at Malvern, Pughtown, Font, Tanguay, New London, Gadsburyville, Everhart and White Horse. In Maryland there are the Green Spring Valley hunt on the Reistertown Pike, and the Elk Ridge, or "Old Baltimore," governed respectively by Messrs. Stewart and George The Patapsco Hunt is in Howard County: Mr. Brice's pack is located at Chestertown, Kent County, and Mr. Clark is M. F. H. of the Overland, Towson

The country about Washington is hunted regularly by the Chevy Chase pack, and there is, or was until recently, a cross-country, or paper-chase, organization thereabouts

Of the prominent hunts in Virginia are the Deep Run, under Doctor Tritton's charge, at Richmond, Mr. Barker's pack at Warrenton, a pack at Lynchburg; Mr. Dulany's at Upperville, and the National Fox Hunters' Association, President, R. F. Sturgill, of Richmond

In South Carolina, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., maintains a pack of hounds at Aiken

In New Jersey, Mr. Charles Pfizer conducts the Essex Hunt at Gladstone, Mr. P. F. Collier the Monmouth County at Lakewood and James Converse the Ocean County Hounds. At Lakewood, Mr. George Gould and his neighbors, who make up the winter colony at this charming resort, enjoy many a run behind hounds maintained for the purpose at Georgian Court.

In New York State, the Old Westchester pack is maintained by Mr. Eugene Reynal; Mr. Edward L. Smith keeps the Badston pack; the famous Meadowbrook Drag Hounds are maintained at Hempstead by Mr. Ralph N. Ellis; at New Rochelle, Joe Holloway keeps matters moving; J. S. Tailer hunts a pack at Richfield Springs, and Mr. W. A. Wadsworth holds the sport in hand in the Genesee Valley. Massachusetts has the Myopia Drag Hunt, with Mr. R. M. Appleton as Master, at Hamilton, and Mr. Joseph Balch conducts the movements of the Norfolk Drag Hounds at Dedham.

In Canada, Mr. G. R. Hooper is M. F. H. at Montreal, and Mr. Adam Beck is the hospitable host at London, Ontario.

ANENT THE MUCH-ABUSED DRAG

All hunting is good, but the best is straightaway going, after a live, wild fox across undulating country. These hounds are seldom at fault, and a decisive finish (such as a fox gone safely to earth, or a kill) is assured. Such affords scientific sport and all the hard riding that a reasonable man can demand, and even if the hard riding is of short duration, sportsmen worthy of the name, who hunt for the love of it, and not for the wholesale slaughter of foxes, will derive exquisite pleasure from the run.

Drag hunting consists of putting hounds on the scent of a drag—that is, an aniseed bag, a ferret's nest, or fox's bed or litter—taken by a man across country an hour or so ahead of the pack. In the true hunting sense of the term, this is not sport, but it affords exciting amusement and capital practice for any one desirous of learning how to ride fast and straight across country. It accustoms a young horse to the cry of hounds, and teaches a novice to decide, while going at a good pace, how to get out of a difficult place, and it also gets him into splendid condition for real fox hunting. Indeed, to be in at the finish of a run with such packs as the Meadowbrook Drag Hounds a horseman must "harden his heart" and "keep his nag's head straight," and few are the packs of fox-hounds that can set a merrier pace.

THE PROPER HUNTING GET-UP

To be well and appropriately dressed according to the season adds much to one's comfort in the hunting field. The novice, if he is wise, will choose an inconspicuous costume of sombre tint, such as a loosely fitting coat of gray tweed or black Melton cloth, and easy-fitting, well made breeches of Bedford cord or other appropriate material, and either cloth or leather leggins or high boots of regulation pattern, all of which are procurable anywhere nowadays. Later, as he becomes more experienced and at home in the field, he can adopt the scarlet (pink) coat and white breeches of the full-fledged hunt club member. But whatever costume is adopted, it should be roomy and comfortable, heavily lined for winter wear and of lighter weight for warmer weather, and the coat and vest should have plenty of pockets protected by flaps. As to headgear, the high hat or the close-fitting velvet cap may be worn. Gloves may be of heavy kid, deer, calf, dog or buck skin.

WHAT GOES TO MAKE A GOOD HUNTSMAN

To ride to hounds among the first-flighters requires a knowledge of the sport and a knowledge of the geography of the country ridden over, horsemanship of the kind that enables a man to get over the complete course

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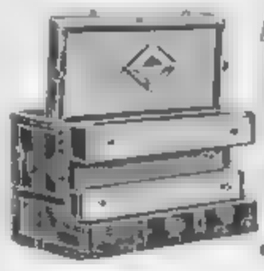

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without using up his horse, and a high quality of courage and judgment. It is not the harum-scarum youth or the hot headed thruster who cuts out good sportsmen in the first burst of speed that is always in at the finish. Frequently such nuisances soon pump themselves out and are found ingloriously limping homeward over the highways when hounds are closing in upon their quarry. In agreeable contrast to such is the brilliant horseman, well mounted, and sailing over every obstacle as though on parade, keeping in sight of but never running over the hounds, and satisfied if he finishes fifty to a hundred yards behind the "Master." Between the "leader" and the "follower" in the hunting-field there is a marked difference; nevertheless, the man who never attempts to rush to the front may be an excellent sportsman. Of the hard riders, many of the more prominent follow hunting as a sport, and have done so ever since their childhood, others make a business as well as a pleasure of it, having a good or indifferent horse to sell now and then. Some ride for their health, and others because it is the fashion or because they have little else to do, and among them all will be found good men to follow, who seldom take or try to take an unnecessary fence, but never hesitate to negotiate anything practicable when hounds are in full cry.

BRINGING UP THE HOUNDS FROM THE KENNELS

ETIQUETTE OF MEET AND VIEW-HALLOO

On arriving at a hunt it is considered the proper thing to salute the Master by bowing to him in passing, and this is deemed quite sufficient unless he shows an inclination to greet you by a hand-clasp, as he may a personal friend. A friendly nod to the Huntsman (if there be one), who is the right bower so to speak, of the Master of Fox Hounds, is usual, and the same form can be adopted toward the Whip. Then get your horse among the others, and acknowledge the salutes of your friends, if any be present, but avoid the wholesale handshakings which draw too much attention to yourself and interrupt the proceedings. Don't ask frivolous questions of the Master, Huntsman or Whip, and when the Huntsman moves into cover with a hound or two to scare up a fox don't go pottering in after him unless you want to make yourself appear ridiculous and get your hands and face scratched by the brambles. While near the wood, or at any other point waiting for the fox to break cover, don't "holler" the instant you catch sight of him, or he will likely turn back and you will get sworn at for your pains. Rather let the fox get well away, and then, unless some other man does it before you, stick your hat on your hunting-crop (whip) and shout, Tally ho! Go-o-ne-away!! as loud as you know how. But don't run after the fox, unless the entire field has seen him, until the Huntsman comes up to where you are standing. Then point in the direction that "Rienecke" has taken, and when the hounds are put on the scent follow them and keep them in sight or hearing as long as you can

THE NECESSITY FOR FIELD GENERALSHIP

Before the start, take a look over the country and the fences in your immediate vicinity and make up your mind as to how to negotiate the first two or three jumps. If you are unacquainted with the country it will be safest for you to follow the lead of some well-known cross-country rider whom you find near you. The actions of riders across the first field will enable you to pick out a good leader—but do this in the first few moments or you will surely get left, as when hounds have been running straight ten minutes not more than half a dozen riders will be close up to them. The field (horses and riders), if a large one, will be quickly noticed to divide up into troops or triangular groups, each headed by a horseman who seems to have either the best mount or the requisite courage and experience to lead the rest. As a rule, the foremost men will be mounted on typical hunters—that is to say, handy horses of good shape, great strength, and with a rare turn of speed. Their riders have nerve and are quick to take advantage of good or likely ground, set the pace, and, while keeping an eye on the hounds, seem to know the country so well that the moment they jump over a fence into a field they instinctively steer their horses to the best point that will let them out of it. One of these is the man for the novice to follow, but see that you follow him at a safe distance and a little to one side—say twenty-five feet, if there is room. There is no excuse for the duffer who, after kicking a pilot, jumps on top of him should the leader's horse make a mistake and fall

PICKING UP POINTS OF CLEVER RIDING

Note how your clever leader gets a good start of the field and keeps away from the crowd by trotting along a fence until he comes to a low or open space, then, nipping his horse over it on a trice, is lopping merrily over the next field before the nervous crowd have got a gate open. Then notice how your chosen leader crosses a lot of ploughed land at a tangent rather than along the furrows, then by a clever rise at the corner tops a stiff fence into a pasture where the going is a veritable dream. He has picked the spot where his horse "took off" for his jump, and you will have noticed how his good hunter spreads himself at every leap so as to clear everything and land well with his hind legs under him. Thus he is able to recover his stride without straining, and to go on

If there is a wood near by it is quite likely that the fox will steer for it, and, if so, the hounds may be checked for a moment. In such a case your leader, who may have been contemplating a stiff, high fence, will very likely suddenly turn aside and get into the next inclosure or the road by clipping open with his crop a convenient gate. If you are close up he will swing the gate open for you to catch, and if you are clever you will get your horse through before the bars swing back into place. If you lose sight of the hounds, try to catch the sound of their music "down wind." Your leader, if he knows the country, will generally get you on terms with the pack again. If the hounds get out of hearing it is some consolation to remember that foxes generally turn on their tracks, and if you don't go floundering around too much you may get into touch with Reynard as he comes out of the wood

HEADWORK IN SAVING YOUR HORSE

If the pace is hot you must keep your horse at a gallop up hill and down dale, over rough ground and smooth. Hold him well in hand, however, and watch out that he does not sprawl and strain himself, and always be prepared to turn quickly, thus avoiding boggy and soft ground. Rather than pump out your nag over ploughed land, take him around the edge of it, where the footing is firmer. Let him trot easily up to and leap high timber, dash over ordinary brush or low fences, creep or push his way through gaps, carefully climb or descend steep banks (in many such cases you had better dismount and lead him), step over narrow ditches, and, finally, when approaching broad water, let him gradually increase his speed so that he can take it in his stride. If you will follow this plan and keep your ears alert for the cry of the hounds you will not be "far out of it" at the finish, and with luck you may perchance get the fox's "brush" (tail)

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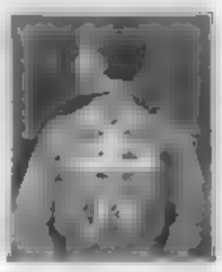

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THE BULL MARKET

(Continued from Page 657)

aspects of the question then. Barton was filled with bitterness over his "bad luck." And appalled at the size of the loss, at the apparent hopelessness of paying the sum by themselves, she accepted gloomily their humiliating position.

Of course old Blake "paid up." Knight & Turner knew that he would when it came to the pinch. He had merely remarked at the close

"You have had your lesson, Barton Better stick to railroading now.

Both men understood what that meant.

Chapter IV

SHE said to herself that it would have been much better if they had been forced to take the blow, not allowed to escape in this shambling fashion. Her father had taken away the blow for her sake, and mercifully to Barton. In his eyes it had been a young man's folly, and perhaps one slip thus early in life would be salutary—would serve to protect his own fortune later

She was not sure that the lesson had been learned, however. Barton had changed since the day of their marriage, and she had changed, too, since the bull market. They loved each other, but with big reserves. For instance, she admired less blindly. That he felt, and he judged her to be a bit hard. Of course each knew the other's thought. And when at the breakfast table he shook out that sheet of the newspaper which contained the stock lists, he realized the lines about her mouth without looking up.

In the weeks that followed the settlement she refrained persistently from talking it all over, until McDonald began to feel bitter at her coldness. When he implied as much once, she replied frankly, as an equal:

"It's no use going into it, Barton. We shan't agree about the matter. The trouble isn't with the loss of the money, nor with the failure in the speculation. I am a stupid woman; I don't know whether stocks are wrong or right. But to me the sad thing, the thing we *can't* talk over, is that you did something you wouldn't have done five years ago. It's almost as if you made love to some other man's wife—flirted, like Billy Kernan Something you don't believe in. But to *you*, the only difficulty is that we didn't succeed—in beating the market"

This was for her a long and casuistical speech. He replied, and before they closed he came nearer to understanding this ethical distinction she had made for herself. By this she held him aloof; he was as other men—both fallible and devious. He began to pass into the shadow of unreality that seemed to pervade her life. She explained her heavy heart to herself by saying that she was growing old, approaching the disillusioned clear light of middle life.

The Ponds had disappeared. Some one said they had gone to Denver; some one else, to Isabelle's aunt in Massachusetts. At all events, they were wiped off the board, like yesterday's quotations. In a way, this made it easier for Mrs. McDonald. The streets of Chicago contained no special reproach Thus the summer of the year of the famous bull market drew on

There was naturally no talk of Europe, not even of the summer home. McDonald suggested renting a cottage at Wheaton, near the golf club, but his wife displayed no interest They went on just as before—the same people, the same dinners, the same kind of talk. Yet, withal, a trifle vaguer, a trifle more vapory than usual. Her eye was too much on her own affairs.

"May McDonald is growing dull," the Kernans said after a dinner.

"You look confoundedly bored," Barton had complained on the same date.

She had merely gazed at him thoughtfully without replying. How could he find any amusement in dawdling on, just as before! She was growing ashamed of Barton even he felt it—he who had always been a figure of strength and success! Just what he could do to retrieve himself was not evident. Both secretly pondered that subject. She dreamed of something rather heroic, like saving life—some sacrificial repentance; he, of something material, like recouping himself and paying off his father-in-law. Each was equally out of the question, and he grew restless and cynical. He had all he could do to keep the house in Ritson Place going on the liberal footing of old

It was in July that she began to be conscious of new developments. She would have taken her oath that they were in stocks again. It seemed too preposterous to mention. It would have been easier to suspect any impossible thing. But the house was feverish once more. Hints of anticipations of desires, floated in and out. Barton was absorbed and alert, and then—insomnia. There was no longer any question of it in her mind; railroad supplies never kept him awake For a week she gathered herself for the blow. When he returned from the city one afternoon, creased, dirty, haggard, she spoke:

"Barton, tell *me* first, this time"

The time had been when he would have refused such a peremptory order. Now he answered wearily.

"You might as well know—I am done for this time. The old man will never stand this."

Her next question was strangely to one side

"Did father understand that you were *never* to go into this again?"

"Something of the sort was said," he admitted

"Stand it!" she flushed. "How can you *think* of going to him again? I would not respect—I would leave you, if you did such a weak thing."

His eyes glowed dully Respect or no respect, she must understand—but she had the whip hand

"How much is it?"

"Between thirty and forty thousand. Nearer forty," he answered grimly

His tone was that in which he might have admitted second drunk, or tenth, or fifty grains of opium. He had the vice. She saw it in a flash—a vice, something that ate and sapped until its victim toppled over, dead

"I meant to get even," he explained, ashamed of the triteness of the apology. "I couldn't stand your contempt."

He wanted her to take a share in his difficulty.

"And you thought *that* was the way I cared to have it come about! Oh, Barton, Barton! how little you know!"

The scales bent now the other way. It was she who had the understanding, and he who must learn the rudimentary facts of life from her

"If I were only even with the game," he muttered, careless of the shiver that his figure of speech gave her. "I would quit the whole thing. I feel dirty, grimy, greasy I'd like to feel like a gentleman again, and not like an office-boy who is playing the race"

"You can," she answered authoritatively

"Your father?" he brought his lips together sourly

"No! no! Not that!" she exclaimed passionately. "What has happened to you, Barton? That is not the way to get——"

"You needn't finish—I understand," he interrupted. "But I see no way," he continued bitterly, "except to get out. Yet it's only a business mistake, what four men out of five do."

She shot a glance at him which penetrated. Yet in the end they came much closer than they had been for months. She outlined the campaign in a few primary principles: they were not to leave Chicago—that would be too simple; they must sell everything and settle the last score of debts; and—over this he debated a long time querulously—they were to live as miserably simple as they could and save a few thousands every year, to pay back something of what had been given them before

Wearily they took themselves to bed, neither fully content with the prospect She wondered if he had not really changed, was not merely bullied into accepting her plan temporarily—until the dice somehow turned up double sixes. For such, she said to herself, was the nature of man.

Chapter V

BUT she held him to it relentlessly. She took upon herself the paternal storm and made it out that the stern plan was Barton's, not hers. She met her mother's tears and entreaties. She selected the flat on the South Side and dismissed the servants. And she explained it to their intimates. The others could divine for themselves. As for McDonald, it must be said that he followed her without protest, although he wanted badly to leave her with the Blakes and to try his fortune elsewhere

Then the stifling weeks of August began. Their cramped apartment was like a little dusty oven, but she refused to leave town, even for the two weeks he could legitimately take

"That will come later," she persisted, "when we know what it means to be comfortable and can enjoy it."

Curiously she seemed to be getting a good deal of pleasure out of their life now. She was planning to make the whole thing fit, to have the children at the public school, to save here and there and swell the sinking-fund. The insubstantial character of her possessions began to wear off; she called things "mine" and "ours." The very food was food, not dinner here and dinner there

A new, tolerable ground existed between her and her husband. She recognized the hardships it had meant to him, would mean daily, and she saw that he took them, that he did not seek to escape from the monotonous vista of ordinary life. She knew now that she had been wrong about the kind of rehabilitation she wanted for him. It was not saving life: it was patience and humility and effort. There was but one sad thing, one unfortunate memory of a brutal handling of others—the wretched Ponds. However, she had to content herself to forget them, to hope that no one else would ever suffer through them

So she blanched when McDonald remarked one evening: "Pond called on me at the office to-day. He was pretty seedy—had evidently been going it hard. He said Belle is somewhere in the East with the children. He has been hunting a job up in Duluth. I gave him ten dollars."

His wife turned crimson.

"You gave him ten dollars! How could you! Give him a few dollars, like a tramp. Why didn't you ask him here?"

McDonald growled uncomfortably.

"Oh, come, now! Willie Pond always was a fool and was hunting for trouble. Belle was a fool to marry him."

"I'm not sure," she answered coldly. "Willie Pond is a fool and weak—but he hasn't [illegible]

"As I have," he broke in nervously. "You think I have done worse?" he asked sadly.

She avoided the issue

"If it hadn't been for us," she continued illogically, "poor Belle would have her home and her husband."

McDonald shrugged his shoulders at her logic, but he was not anxious to go deeper into the question of responsibility. He said nothing when she came nearer to him and put her hand gently on his shoulder

"You see, we have to look out for the foolish ones, the weak—and we are all weak sometimes"

He winced but said nothing. A day or two later he brought word that he had looked Pond up and found him at a cheap hotel, getting over a spree.

"I think I'll make a place for him in the office," he went on; "something to get him started once more, if he *can* start. I was fortunate enough to save *my* skin and not go to the devil."

Egged on, perhaps, by his wife's look of appreciation, he continued

"We might have him here for a time, if you think it would do any good. There isn't much sand in him, never was, and he needs a prop."

So Willie Pond came, shamefacedly, to take up his quarters in the McDonalds' flat. He came and went, circumspectively, gratefully for six weeks, and then Mrs. McDonald broached a new plan.

"I should like to write Belle to have her come on with the children for a visit. We could manage it by getting a room from the people downstairs."

McDonald made no objection. Pond went to the station alone to meet his family. While he was gone, the McDonalds had some talk about the matter. Barton, she saw, had brought himself to take another step, one that sent a thrill into her heart

"I could," he said, "find a way to get them back into the Buena Park box they had. You could manage the thing with Belle? It

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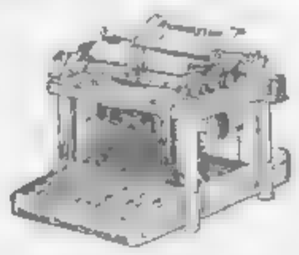

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A tea like beverage, considered very refreshing in [illegible] *Century Dictionary.*

[illegible] same active principle [illegible] but not their volatile empyreumatic oils.—*Standard Dictionary.*

The infusion has a pleasant odor with an agreeable, bitter taste, and is much used for tea in South America. —*Webster's International Dictionary*

In the Southeastern republics, it is a much-prized [illegible] first thing offered to [illegible] after great fa[illegible]

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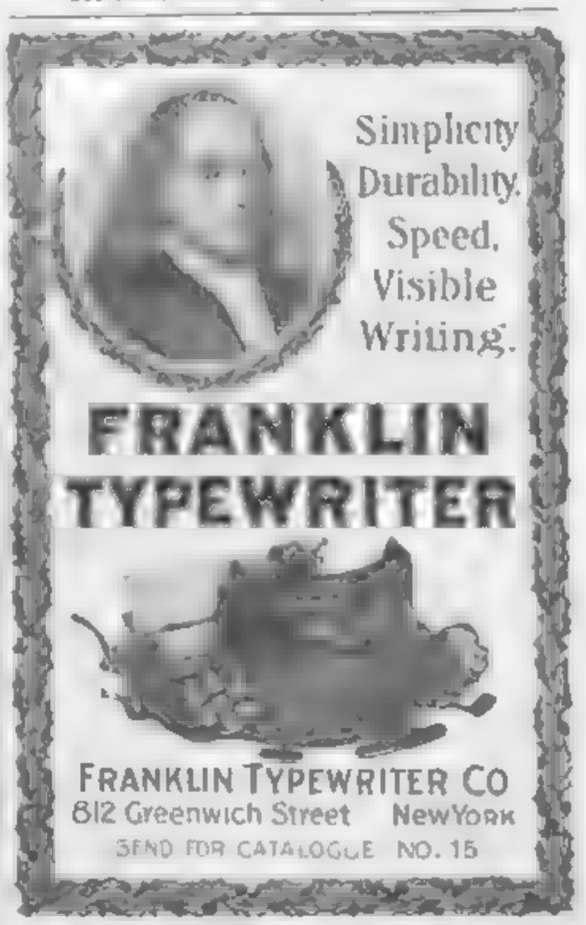

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wouldn't take a great deal. I saw the man who got the place when they went under, and for a reasonable sum down he would be glad to go out. It might put new life into Pond—or he might go to the deuce again and cost us some thousands."

"We'll try him," she exclaimed eagerly. "It's a risk," she added mischievously, "a *legitimate* risk."

Before the Ponds left the McDonalds' to take possession of their old home, Mrs. McDonald gave her first dinner-party of the new season—a small affair for four. She put into it the taste and contrivance that had made the Ritson Place dinners locally celebrated. The service was not all that she could as an exemplary hostess approve of, but the table was pretty, the courses excellent, and the talk above the average for animation. She had levied on her father's cellar for a single bottle of champagne, judging that Willie Pond's share of one bottle would not be dangerous to his new resolution. She proposed the first toast:

"To the Bull Market."

The men drank it silently, thoughtfully; the women clasped hands under the table. There were no other toasts.

STORED ATMOSPHERE

By Waldon Fawcett

A MARVELOUS new engineering force, second only to electricity in the number and diversity of its uses, has stolen quietly into a most important place in the world of industry. The path of progress along which compressed air has forged during the past few years has not been marked by figures like a Franklin with his kite, or an Edison with the manifold products of his workshop, standing like milestones along the avenue of its advancement.

It was air-driven tools that helped to make possible the rapidity of construction of the Atbara Bridge, which did so much to open the eyes of Great Britain to the dangers of American competition. It was a realization of the capabilities of these pneumatic appliances which enabled the Cramps, of Philadelphia, to capture from the Russian Government contracts for war vessels because they guaranteed to deliver them in thirty-three months, whereas the French builders demanded over four years.

Indeed, the stored atmosphere is doing almost as great a variety of work as the electric current. It propels our automobiles, operates our street cars, whisks our letters through miles of underground tubes, and performs almost every service save locomotion for our great railway systems. Finally, compressed air has made possible the submarine boat which is to revolutionize naval warfare.

In no sphere of work is the introduction of compressed air working greater wonders than in marine wrecking. By reason of the assistance which it lends, salvage operations which a few years ago would have been regarded as nothing short of foolhardy are now undertaken as a matter of course. That most interesting memento of the Spanish-American war, the cruiser Reina Mercedes, and the souvenir which we found, only to lose again—the cruiser Maria Teresa—were both secured for us by means of compressed air. Not only did Lieutenant Hobson use countless rubber bags filled with air to raise the Teresa, but in patching up both vessels hundreds of rivet holes were driven under water by means of the pneumatic appliances. Right here, too, was scored another little victory for American tools, for when the Russian naval attaché who was watching the operations at Santiago saw the work done by the novel utensils he straightway recommended that every warship in the Czar's navy be provided with a full equipment in order to facilitate repair work.

It is almost too early to estimate the value of compressed air for the propulsion of automobiles and street cars, but that it has a place as a public transportation agent has already been demonstrated conclusively. Prominent capitalists, who are not only men of millions but capable engineering experts as well, have backed their judgment by investing heavily in companies organized to utilize compressed air in the operation of heavy trucks. In one of these new corporations such men as Richard Croker, Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, and Henry W. Cramp, superintending engineer of the Cramp shipyard, are heavily interested.

The autotruck, its advocates claim, will revolutionize the trucking business of the metropolis, and indeed every city of any size. The compressed-air trucks are, of course, quite heavy, but their projectors claim that this is a decided advantage in that it will contribute to strength. Being designed for operation only with a comparatively restricted district, it will be convenient for them to return at intervals to a charging station for a new supply of power. Once arrived at the central station, a few minutes will suffice for the refilling of the storage tanks with compressed air.

Among the people who are acquainted by reputation or otherwise with the brainiest men in the transportation business in America, it is of immense significance that President Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Corporation of New York City, has within the past few weeks come forward with the declaration that compressed air constitutes preëminently the ideal motive force for street railways upon short branch lines, especially those that have many switches. Mr. Vreeland is also interested in a company which intends to place in service upon the highways of New York City cabs driven by compressed air.

It was only five years ago that Mr. John Wanamaker, then Postmaster-General, first introduced compressed air for the transmission of the mails by the establishment of a pneumatic mail tube line in Philadelphia. It was almost an absolute innovation, and it demonstrated the entire practicability of the project. Now there are miles and miles of these tubes in the principal cities of the country. In some instances single circuits have a length of from three to four miles, and through these there shoot, almost with the speed of projectiles, cartridges carrying more than half a thousand letters.

To the railroads of the country belong the credit of taking the fullest advantage of the enormous possibilities of compressed air. The principal transportation lines have vied with one another in its utilization. It sweeps the stations, paints the cars, handles the baggage, rings the locomotive bells, signals the trains, stops them, and finally even dusts and cleans the cushions, carpets and furniture in the coaches.

The employment of many of the appliances introduced by the railroads has conferred benefits not only by economy of time but by a direct pouring of money into the coffers of the companies. Thus there have been few bills for damages for misused trunks where the pneumatic baggage handler is in use, carefully lifting a trunk weighing a quarter of a ton into a car in five seconds, and car carpets and cushions wear much longer when the dust is driven out by a rush of air than when the furnishings are turned over to the tender mercies of men armed with brooms and carpet-beaters.

It was one of the dreams of the late Colonel Waring, Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City, that the health and cleanliness of the metropolis would be immensely increased if, first, some other motive power than that furnished by horses could be obtained, and second, if some more thorough and efficient method of street cleaning could be devised. These aspirations are likely to ere long be realized.

As for street cleaning, the compressed-air blower has already demonstrated its wonderful serviceability, and there is reason to believe that the demonstration has only just commenced.

The novel uses to which compressed air is being put would fill a long list. Every housewife knows of its use in pneumatic mattresses, but probably very few persons know that it has given the sculptor a new tool which enables him to chisel statues with wonderful rapidity, that it rings church bells in the spires of two continents, and that it hammers the rivets in bridges and ships many times as rapidly as the best workman could do by hand. Up in a little town in Michigan thousands of bushel baskets are made each day by compressed-air machines, and in some of our Eastern shipyards a machine driven by this new motive power sprays paint evenly over the sides of a ship, which thus serves to reduce the dangers of one of the trades most detrimental to health.

Finally, it is interesting to note that whereas half a dozen years ago the total capital represented in compressed-air appliances of all kinds in this country was less than a million dollars, to-day it is a hundred times that sum, and increasing with a rapidity that almost baffles computation.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

May I set myself right with the numerous well-meaning persons who misread my ironical article entitled A Plea for Asphalt?

I am glad to find that there are so many people in the country who love trees; it may be that after a time all people will love them, and then the statute books will contain a law making it a penal offense to kill a tree—except in self-defense. I read the other day of a man who sacrificed a $25,000 house in order to save a clump of trees. All honor to him! It was because there are so many who without thought cut down a tree that may have taken centuries to attain its glorious height and awe-inspiring proportions that I wrote the article, not thinking that Americans would need a chart to explain its meaning.

I am sorry to have been misjudged, but I am glad that trees have so many defenders. May a strong public spirit for the preservation of what is next to man "the noblest work of God" be fostered and spread throughout the various communities of the country!

And the next time I joke about trees I will give due warning. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Might a man who at thirty-six years of age feels that he has made a failure be permitted to offer a few remarks?

In my opinion, one of the principal causes for non-success in a business career is the square peg in the round hole brought about by parents putting their son at a business in which he can never take an eye-single interest, if, indeed, it be not totally repugnant to his tastes and inclinations. Nowadays a business man who has made a success sends his son to high school and university, and the young man there perhaps finds that his tastes lie toward the practice of law or medicine, or he may wish to engage in literary pursuits or to enter the ministry. But instead of the parent asking the son what profession he wishes to enter, it is an even chance that after the young fellow laid out his plans to engage in one of the learned professions his parent will, after his graduation, tell him to come down to the store.

And the result can be nothing but failure.

The writer speaks not at random, but from personal experience. When a boy in my native land over the sea I studied earnestly and diligently to fit myself for a certain career, but after going to school and academy for thirteen years I was sent out here to friends with the request that they put me in business. No charge was ever brought against me save that I had no business tact or application. Indeed, strive as hard as I might, I could not give my employers satisfaction, and after being told by two different firms that my services were no longer required I gave up trying to be a success as a business man.

Among my schoolmates in Ireland was Mr. William McClure, the Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange. At his studies he excelled in arithmetic, Euclid and algebra. This was of itself a hint as to where his talents lay, and his coming to America in 1879, working for Mitchell, Fletcher & Co. and John Sigrian, Front Street below Chestnut, were but the stepping-stones to a position in the American Exchange National Bank of New York. So step by step he has risen.

My remedy is this: Let the young man be given his choice of what field of labor he wishes to enter. Do not coerce him or persuade him in any way, and I am firmly of the opinion the number of young men who make success will be larger, and fewer will have to admit their lives a failure. JNO. H. ROBINSON.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

"We generally start life thinking we will build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, but in the end we build a mud hut and get into it like the earth men," said the Disagreeable Man.

Despite the pessimism of the Disagreeable Man, I think he expresses concretely the idea of most of us. It was not a matter open to choice which threw me in the line which I follow to-day. Money had to be earned. Ten years have passed away and the new year finds me following practically the same line of business through which I first brought home a few dollars. More dollars come my way now, being just tribute, and perhaps will come until—well, no one misses us very much.

Failure? Yes. No heart in it. I get through the day honestly to my employer, but only God knows how monotonous it all is—being here in a false position and not in love with my work. Yet, you understand, I am honest to my employer.

Think of the possibilities and opportunities if circumstances had been favorable for my commencing in a bookstore or thrown in the way of literature. Instead of an automaton, a man with soul and ambition, and, in lieu of monotony, life and personal interest.

Yes, Mr. POST, I'm on the road between New York and Bombay, when my real journey should be from Naishápúr to Babylon, and until it is, I shall be one of the young men who inhabit the mud hut. But I pray that before it is all over I shall see the sun reflected from the "Crowning Glory" and I shall know in my soul my dream is realized, and that I left failure way behind on the other road.

New York City. PERCY LYLE.

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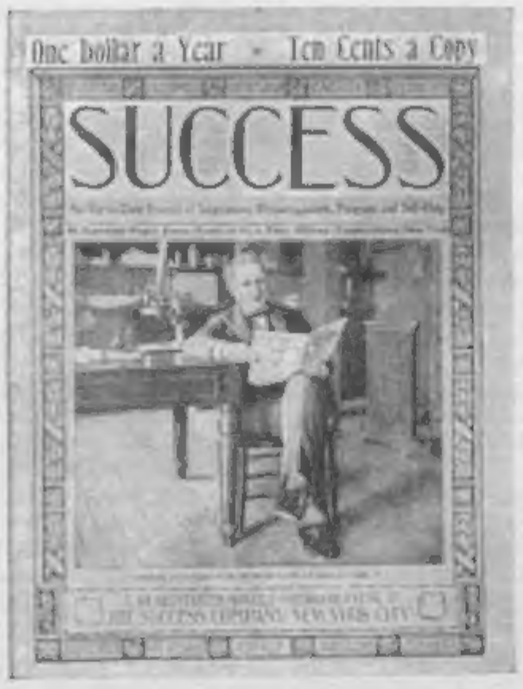

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I firmly believe that any young man who is blessed with good health and fails has but himself to blame for his failure. To-day he who would learn has opportunities at every hand to gain a good education if he cares to give a little time to study. A man with a good education need never fail. If he does it is his own fault. The success or failure of any man rests not upon the accident of birth, the lucky opportunity, or by the pulling or shoving of powerful or influential friends or relatives, but simply and absolutely upon himself. If a man awakens the spirit within and can say to himself that he will not fail, then success will surely be his. It may not come to him in years, but it will be sure, however slow. Right here it may be well to state that there are several kinds of success, but that is altogether another matter. The success I mean is that for which most men crave—that of wealth and power. It has been my good fortune to come in contact with a great many young men who have not failed, and some, I regret to say, who have, but I have yet to hear one of the latter class accuse anybody but himself for his lack of success. There is one case which comes to my mind now that I would like to use to illustrate my point of view.

Eight years ago there was working in one of the large factories in New Haven, Connecticut, a young man twenty years of age. He had been employed there for three years and was then earning wages of seven dollars a week. His education was meagre, having left school when thirteen years old, and the only tools he possessed with which he was to fashion a successful life were good health and a bulldog tenacity of purpose. One day this young man, who had an almost uncontrollable temper, got into a disgraceful altercation with an Italian fellow-laborer, and the latter received a sound thrashing. The young man was called before the official head of that great human beehive, who gave his pugnacious employee his walking papers with this kindly and sterling advice: "You have broken one of the rules of the company and must leave our employ, and I desire to say to you that you might just as well go now as any time, for you will never make a success of yourself here or anywhere else."

As he walked away the words of his former employer kept ringing in his ears. Was it so, then, that he would never make a success of anything? Going upon a wharf which ran out into the harbor, this young man threw his dinner pail as far as he could away from him and took a solemn oath that henceforth he would never fail, no matter what he undertook to do. Seven years from that time he walked into the office of the manager of the factory and made that astounded official a liberal offer for the large share of the stock in the concern. It was only eight years before when he threw away his dinner pail, yet to-day this young man is a lawyer of prominence in the large city where he has taken up his life's work. Last year his practice brought him in over six thousand dollars, and it is constantly increasing. He has begun to be a power in politics, has represented his city in the State Assembly, and stands directly in line for Congress.

How did he do it? Here is what he told me one day: "A man to get up in the world must have an education. Everything else being equal, the educated man will distance his fellow-man. I realized this, and set about it by doing reportorial work at night and studying in the daytime. I entered a law school not knowing where my tuition was coming from, let alone my board and lodging, but I kept up my reportorial work to pay my way, and finally graduated. In the mean time I was studying the Bible diligently and soon became convinced that I ought to become a Christian. This I did, and since then have faithfully tried to live as one. After this it was not so hard. I have known what it is to be hungry and cold, but through it all I never failed to say to myself, 'I shall succeed.'"

But few of us are doing what we love to do, but this should not keep us from having our heart in our work. All things are not so arranged here that we are allowed to do just what we wish to. If it were so everybody would eventually wear the garb of mediocrity, because there would be no striving for higher and better things, and men would rest, which would result in a state of inaction, and finally chaos. If man makes the best of himself, no matter where he may be placed, he is doing just what God has willed.

If the young men of to-day would be the successful men of to-morrow they must first decide that they will succeed, put their trust in Him who fashions all successes, and then, whatever they do, do it well.

The goal is sure, but the making of it is in their own hands. JOHN F. BRONSON.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Has it never been observed by the writers of the series "Why Young Men Fail" that it is a negative question, and that the answers in no way say how to succeed, although many have presumed so? Granting that every man had the elements of success and knew how to use them, it does not follow that they would be successful. Is it not a fact that most of us are destined to fail in business? Does not experience prove this? Can we all be superintendents or managers?

There is beyond doubt an element of *luck* in business success. How many successful men know themselves why they succeeded? Is there one who can tell exactly how he achieved wealth and position? No. The articles have generalized, but there has been no definite and precise answer, for the simple reason that there can be none.

But is not personal influence a great factor of success? In the language of politics, a "pull" is the most potent means of success. Hundreds of young men to-day owe their positions to this influence. Why not have some sage attempt to answer the question, "How can I succeed?"

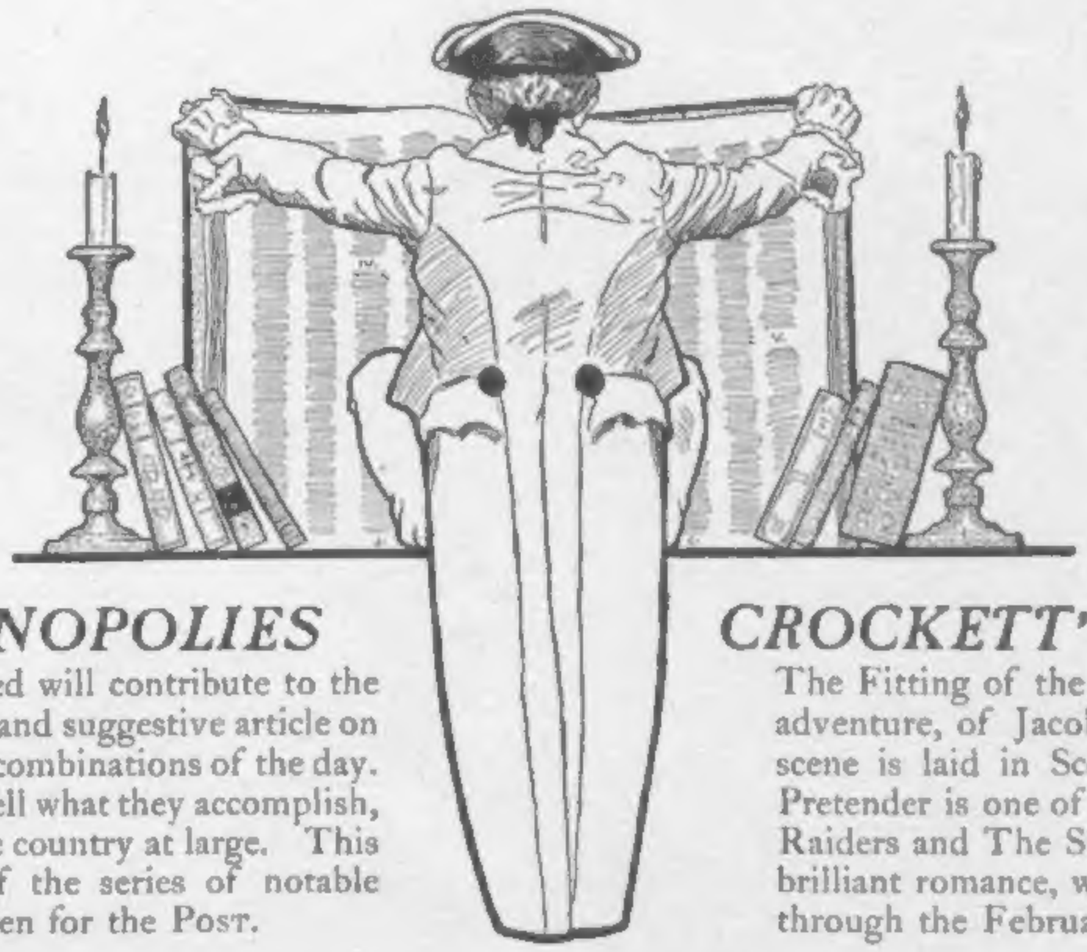
New York City. OTTO HENSCHEL.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

The Post
FOR FEBRUARY

THE four February numbers of the Post will contain some of the most notable articles and short stories of the year. In each of these numbers there will be much that will make a strong appeal to YOU. The list below is but a partial one.



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MR. REED ON MONOPOLIES

The Honorable Thomas B. Reed will contribute to the Post of February 10 a valuable and suggestive article on the great business and industrial combinations of the day. He will explain why they exist, tell what they accomplish, and discuss their effect upon the country at large. This is easily the most important of the series of notable articles that Mr. Reed has written for the Post.

CROCKETT'S NEW ROMANCE

The Fitting of the Peats is a dashing story of love and adventure, of Jacobite plots and hard fighting. The scene is laid in Scotland and France, and the young Pretender is one of the characters. The author of The Raiders and The Stickit Minister is at his best in this brilliant romance, which is to begin next week and run through the February numbers of the Post.

OTHER SPECIAL ARTICLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBERS

COLONEL A. K. McCLURE

Colonel McClure's next paper in his series, How We Make Presidents, is entitled Lincoln's Two Campaigns. He gives an insider's view of these remarkable Presidential battles, in which he himself bore a prominent part.

JULIUS CHAMBERS

One of the most successful newspaper men in the country opens a new series, Famous Feats of Journalism, with a remarkable paper on A Visit to a Mad World.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS

Ex-Senator Ingalls is undoubtedly the most popular political writer of the day. His next paper will describe The Stormy Days of the Electoral Commission.

HON. R. P. PORTER

The United States Special Commissioner to Cuba writes authoritatively on The Needs of Cuba—political, financial, industrial. This paper will appear in the Post of February 3.

A NEW CONGRESSMAN'S WIFE

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife will run through the February numbers. It will continue to discuss the Nation's notables as they impress a clever woman who meets them daily in Washington society.

FOR YOUNG MEN

Several important articles directed particularly to young business men will appear in the near future. They have been written by business men who have discovered the secrets of success.

HON. THOMAS G. HAYES

Putting a City on a Business Basis is the title of a valuable article on Municipal Economy, by the Mayor of Baltimore.

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Major James B. Pond, for years the lecture manager, traveling companion and intimate friend of the late Henry Ward Beecher, now writes of his acquaintance with the most famous of all American clergymen. Such a faithful Boswell was Major Pond that he had his stenographer take down in shorthand much that was said by Mr. Beecher in familiar conversation. This matter he has supplemented with his personal recollections and many hitherto unpublished anecdotes. The first of Major Pond's delightful papers on the great preacher will appear in the Post next month.

PRACTICAL POLITICS FOR YOUNG MEN

Judge Nathaniel C. Sears, one of the foremost jurists of the West, will contribute to early numbers of the Post a series of three exceptionally interesting papers on Practical Politics for Young Men. Judge Sears has long been a power for good in Chicago politics, and he knows the workings of politics as well as any man in the Middle West.

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